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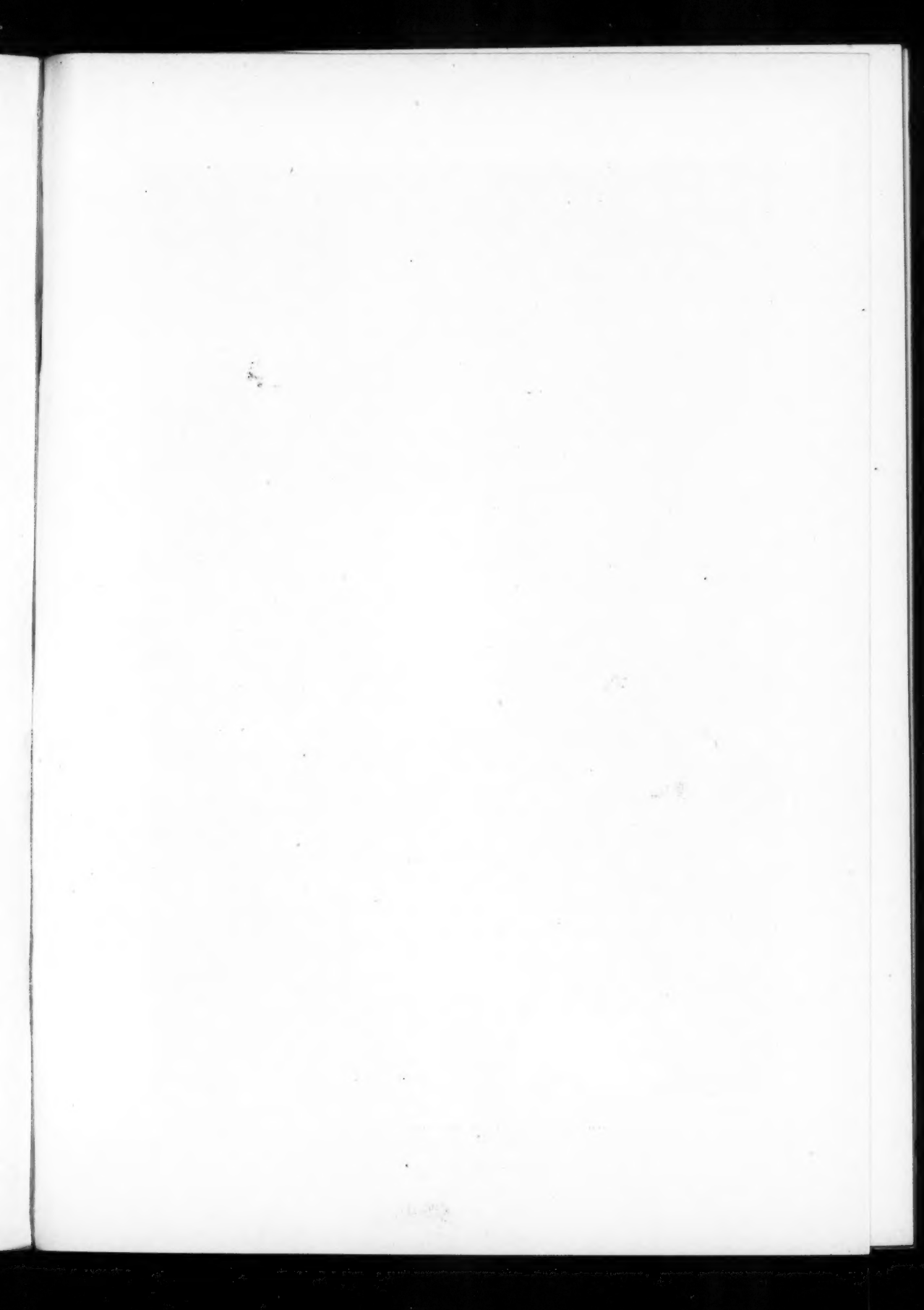
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"AUGUSTLY STAY," CRIED THE JAP, BUT THE DETECTIVE HAD INTERPOSED A  
STALWART LEG AND SHOULDER

Illustration for "The Lion's Share"



# THE READER

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## A ROMANCE OF THE AGES

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

### THE STONE AGE

THE instant that Glenwood saw her he recognized her, although it was their first meeting in the present incarnation. For a moment he stood in silent but earnest contemplation of her charms, his intent blue eyes devouring each detail of form, feature and even dress. The kindling glow in his masterful face quite fascinated Doris; she could not look away, but presently she hung her head, abashed, while her sweet face grew rosy pink, and at this admission of his mastery Glenwood's blue eyes flashed into flame. He lifted his lusty voice in a shout of triumph, reached Doris in one swift rush, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her with such rapturous enthusiasm that both fell down.

Doris was frightened, but not at all angry, and the roomful of people laughed, although, to tell the truth, it was a rather uneasy laugh; for, while Glenwood was but four years old and Doris two, there had been a suggestion of primitive passion in his act which belonged to the Stone Age, and which he would outgrow as he merged from childhood to civilization. He was passing through all of the Ages which his race had passed through before him on the journey to the completeness of a modern man, and the raw, primitive haste with which he took possession of his natural

mate was thrilling to some who were there, shocking to others. But it was not prodigious; it was only the stirring of old, old impulses, dormant in the babe as they are in the acorn. Through the primitive emotions of childhood we sometimes get a glimpse behind the curtains of the past and see our race in its dawning.

Glenwood, pagan as he was, promptly took possession of his mate with the calm assurance which instinctive proprietorship bestows, and he fought like a little fury when Doris' nurse tore her from his grasp and carried her off to bed. The following day he made her free of all of his belongings, though in the case of certain of his more recent toys it is true that he repented of his reckless generosity and took them back again. But they had lost the tang of their first attractiveness, and, after an ineffectual effort to reinvigorate it, Glenwood gave them back and then sat apart, gloomily watching her enthusiasm.

Doris accepted his domination with the sweet submission of a maiden of the neolithic age, in which both dwelt. When he smacked her for opposing his lordly will, her gray eyes filled, but she loved him for it. If at this psychological moment he had not smacked her, he would have lost his mastery, and the chances

are that before many moments she would have smacked him. They were living in the epoch of Force, no matter how others might be living about them. When she would not surrender his baalamb he took it with a wrench of his strong arm and a shove that sent her sprawling on her back in the sand heap, and when he wanted her to see a hole which he had dug and she would not go, he hauled her thither by any part of her which furnished a fitting hold. The nurse who tended them both was old and deaf and near-sighted and prayerful, so that before long things became adjusted between them, and when he said "come," she came, and when he said "go," she went.

Doris was quick to recognize the difference between the strong and autocratic authority of Glenwood and the weak and vacillating wills of such feeble but lovable creatures as her mother, father and nurse. When they required things of her, she complied—if it jumped with her inclination. Otherwise, she declined, first gently, then firmly, then with a burst of tears or temper. If coerced, she would kick and slam and swear in the rich vocabulary of infancy. But when Glenwood issued a mandate she obeyed. Her lord was made of sterner stuff than these big, mild-eyed others.

Then Doris' visit to the mountain-farm where Glenwood's family spent the summers came to an end, and she returned across the bleak ocean to her own place. For three days Glenwood mourned her loss after the manner of the pagan that he was; frantic grief alternated with gusts of primordial rage. He howled like a young wolf, hunted the house from attic to cellar, then grew sullen and refused to eat, but permitted himself to be persuaded when his hunger gripped him, following the exhaustion of grief. Refreshed with food, he renewed his search, extending it to the sheds and stables, his lament being a

constant "Glen wants D-o-oris!" When his father was so heartless as to deride him, he festooned that proud parent with trimmings of a farinaceous supper for which he had scant appetite. At this breach of discipline the paternal anger was aroused; for the next few moments Glenwood forgot Doris and concentrated upon a certain section of his own personality. The little pagan accepted the pagan's irrefutable argument, Superior Force, and so Doris slipped from the early arcades of his mind and merged vaguely with the primitive past.

#### THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

When next they met, Glenwood was ten years old and Doris eight. He was at this epoch a Knight of the Round Table, and seldom walked abroad unarmed with his wooden shield and longsword. Doris had become a flower-faced little maiden, with eyes like the petal of a pansy, and at the first sight of her, Glenwood's knightly heart smote his sturdy ribs a lusty blow, and a rich flood of color swept into his square, freckled little face. In that moment he consecrated himself to her service as her own true knight and champion, and a few days later fate willed that he should battle in her defense.

Doris was accompanied on this visit by a distant cousin, Stephen by name, a tall, dark youngster, strongly made, and with shifting eyes and a loose, cruel mouth. Stephen was two years the senior of Glenwood, and sought to patronize him, and Glenwood, true to his sacred duty as host, endured it without protest.

One day, when the three were making their rounds of the farm, they arrived at the stable yard, where several horses were standing, among them being Glenwood's pony. Stephen had just come from school in England, and was armed with what he was pleased to call a "catapult," which foreign name for a familiar weapon had aroused Glenwood's

secret contempt. This catapult consisted of a wooden fork, to either arm of which was fixed a strong rubber band, fastened at its other end to a strip of leather. It could propel a buckshot with sufficient force to kill a red squirrel.

At sight of the horses standing quietly in the yard, Stephen raised his catapult.

"I say, watch me tickle a gee-gee!" he said in his English manner of speech, odious to Glenwood.

"Oh, don't, Stephen!" pleaded Doris. "It's cruel!"

"Rot!" said Stephen, aiming at a patient beast which had just come in from the road. There was a swish, and the animal sprang forward, lashing its tail and snorting with pain and surprise.

Stephen roared with laughter and slipped another shot into his sling. Glenwood's blue eyes began to gleam.

"Come on," he said, "let's go down to the lake. It's no fun stinging the horses; a fella can't miss 'em."

"Yes, Stephen," Doris entreated. "It's horrid of you to shoot at poor, tired horses. Do come!"

But Stephen was deaf to entreaties, and planted another shot in the ribs of a nervous mare, who kicked straight out, striking Glenwood's pony on the shoulder and almost knocking the sturdy little beast off its legs.

"Oh, *Stephen!*" cried Doris. "The poor little pony! Do you think he's hurt, Glen?"

Glenwood's freckled face was very pale, and there was a dangerous look in his blue eyes. Stephen was doubled up, roaring with laughter.

Without a word Glenwood climbed over the bars and walked toward the pony, which came to meet him, whimpering gently. Glenwood was standing in front of the pretty little animal, examining a cut on his withers, when he heard a protesting cry from Doris, and, looking up, he saw that Stephen was aiming at the pony. But before he could shoot Doris had snatched at the cata-

pult so quickly that one of the rubber bands was broken. Stephen turned upon her angrily and slapped her sharply across the cheek.

"There, now!" he cried, "you've gone and smashed it—little beast! I've a jolly good mind to—"

Whatever his jolly mind conceived was not put into execution, for at that moment he looked up to see Glenwood squirming through the bars, his freckled face pale with a cold fury and his sapphire eyes as black as coals. Stephen stepped back, startled.

"Hullo," he said. "What are *you* up to?"

Glenwood walked toward him with fists clenched. "You coward!" he cried in a choking voice. "I'll teach you to hit—a girl!"

Stephen stared, unable to believe that Glenwood, who was much smaller, would dare attempt to carry out his threat; then, in a burst of anger, he sprang forward and struck him on the mouth, and the battle was on.

Doris, her own hurt forgotten, stood back and watched, frightened but fascinated. Stephen had come from an English school, and was much more skilled in pugilism, but Glenwood was strong, enduring, and could stand twice the punishment; moreover, his quarrel was such as he would vindicate to the very last gasp; his lady had been actually struck by this lumpish churl, and no amount of hammering could swerve Glenwood's medieval mind from the determination to vanquish the offender and leave him wallowing in his gore, no matter at what cost.

So he fought on with a savage and dogged perseverance that took no heed of his hurts. Three times he was really beaten, beaten so blind and breathless and exhausted that he could scarcely stand, but he fought defensively until his breath and strength returned, and then fell to with fresh fury until Stephen, unable to stand the long-continued

punishment, rushed in and clinched. Nothing could have been better for Glenwood, as the "rough and tumble" was his own school of combat. He writhed from under Stephen with the wiry strength of an Indian, wrenched an arm free, twisted the other hand deep in the black, silken hair of his adversary, and then the real chastisement began!

Suddenly Glenwood felt a tugging at his elbow. He looked up and saw dimly, through a red mist, 'Doris' pale, frightened face.

"Oh, Glen!" she said. "He is crying 'enough.'"

Glenwood stared at her stupidly, then down at the blubbing Stephen.

"Oh—is he?" he answered in a thick voice. "I didn't hear him." He crawled to his feet and stood unsteadily. "I guess he's *had* about enough." He looked down with contemptuous curiosity at Stephen, who lay upon the ground, sobbing convulsively.

"Get up, you big cry-baby!" said Glenwood. "I guess you won't hit girls any more."

One sees by this that he had advanced a long way upon the road to civilization. The discipline of the Stone Age of the male toward the weaker female had become in the Age of Chivalry a foul wrong to be righted by greater violence and the letting of blood.

Doris was alarmed at the amount of blood which came from her cousin's nose. She was in fear that he would shortly arrive at the condition of a chicken whose decapitation she had that morning witnessed with mingled feelings of horror and fascination. But she was herself a maiden of the Middle Age and not to be vanquished by a little blood, so, after Stephen had departed, sobbing, in search of sympathy and succor, she followed Glenwood to the barnyard pump and worked the long handle while he held his curly head beneath the spout.

Later, clean but battle-scarred, with

both eyes almost closed, one lip cut and the other ridiculously puffed, she listened with affected indifference but secret thrills as he confided in her that she was his lady fair, and asked for a token of her favor. The eight-year-old maiden who had endured chastisement in the Stone Age tossed her head at her champion of the Middle Age. Nor would she give him the token for which he sued, and which a few days later he earned of incontestable right.

He came upon her gathering flowers in the old-fashioned garden. She knew it as soon as he had come, though her back was turned and he approached quietly; but since his declaration her heart had beat fast when he was near, and therefore she ignored his presence and continued to pull phlox and marigolds and sweet-william while Glenwood watched her in silence, for picking flowers was not an occupation in which a Knight of the Round Table could with dignity take part.

"I know where there's a robin's nest," he observed presently.

There was no reply.

"It's got two eggs in it—if they ain't hatched," he stated, poking at a fat toad with the point of his longsword.

"I've seen lots of robins' nests," said Doris disdainfully.

Glenwood looked abashed. After all, there really *wasn't* any very unique attraction in robins' nests.

"I've got some pollywogs in a 'quarium,'" he observed presently. "Some of 'em are turning into frogs."

"I hate frogs—nasty, slimy things!" said Doris, slowly pulling a dahlia.

Glenwood was undiscouraged. A true knight must expect to find his lady capacious.

"Bruno killed a woodchuck this morning," he announced. With Indian cunning he was reserving the more attractive lures for the last. "A big fat one. It's down at the end of the pasture."

Doris was sorely tempted. She did



SUDDENLY GLENWOOD FELT A TUGGING AT HIS ELBOW. HE LOOKED UP AND SAW DIMLY, THROUGH A RED MIST, DORIS' PALE, FRIGHTENED FACE

not know what a woodchuck was, but all corpses were interesting. Glenwood, with a furtive glance to see that no one was looking, pulled a fuchsia and handed it to her. Doris, with a delicious color in her cheeks, took it and looked at it critically, her pretty head aslant.

"What kind of a flower is that?" she asked.

"Dunno. Do you like kittens?" Glen watched her anxiously as he played his trump card.

"Kittens!" Doris clasped her hands rapturously, startled out of her affected indifference. "Oh, I *adore* kittens! Real young ones? Oh, Glen—are there truly kittens?"

"Oh, there's 'most always kittens,"



said Glenwood, with the air of one above such trivialities, and not caring to boast about the resources of his estate. "Come on—I'll show 'em to you." He rolled up the sleeve of his blouse and showed a round and muscular little arm, upon which extended a livid scratch.

"See that? The mother did that yesterday. I was holding her for some of the weak ones to nurse. The fat ones get it all. The little skimpy ones was hollerin' like they were hungry."

Doris glanced at him with secret admiration, then, to his ecstasy and embarrassment, laid her flower-like little hand in his.

"Take me to see the kittens, please, Glen," she said sweetly.

Glenwood, his square little face aflame, but looking neither to the right nor left, closed his fist firmly on the small, tender hand and started for the lower corner of the garden, where for his greater convenience he had knocked a picket from the fence. Still holding hands, they crept through and turned toward the "hay barn," where Madame Cat was domiciled with her interesting family. When the powerful maternal instinct which little girls lavish on all young things had been duly gratified, Glen beheld him of the uninterred corpse of the woodchuck slain by Bruno.

"Let's go down and see the woodchuck," he suggested.

Doris agreed enthusiastically, so off they went. They were half-way across the home pasture when suddenly Doris felt Glen's grip on her hand tighten; then he freed her entirely.

"Run for the fence!" he cried sharply. "Run!"

Doris, true to the primitive instinct which prompts action first and questions later when the danger-signal is sounded, scurried for the fence, and none too soon. Glenwood, in the delight of leading her beyond the narrow confines of the yard, had failed to observe the sleek-haired, rolling-eyed menace which was

lurking in the shade of the willows half-way across the pasture. This was the "cross colt," as the farm people called him, a young blooded stallion who had already manifested a dangerous disposition, having bitten one man severely and hurt another by a vicious blow from his fore foot.

Glenwood had heard his whistling snort when half-way across the meadow, and for an instant his brave little heart stood still. Then he had bidden Doris run, and she had run like a young quail, and the colt, after another angry, whistling snort, had leaped forward in a swinging trot, head out, tail standing straight, nostrils everted, and his wicked, rolling eyes on Glenwood, who was shouting and waving his wooden sword.

There is no domestic animal whose danger to human life rivals that of the man-attacking horse. A bull is a trivial danger compared to him, for the bull charges blindly, whereas the horse approaches his victim with fiendish method, with teeth bared to snap, and ready to strike with fore hoofs or kick with hind ones. A bull can be evaded without much trouble even in an open pasture, but not so with a horse.

Glenwood stood firm, frightened, but determined to fight when the time came. His shield, made from the head of a flour barrel joined by transverse cleats, was on his left arm, and his longsword, a hickory stick, was firmly gripped in his right hand. He saw with infinite relief that the stallion paid no attention to Doris, although the arc of his wide circle brought him near her, but was centering all of his sinister attention upon himself.

Twice the animal circled him. A horse attacks first in circles of gradually decreasing radius until he has closed in upon his victim, when he flattens his ears and rushes, head down, teeth laid bare, an epitome of equine rage. Some instinct told Glenwood that the attack, when it came, would be swift and merciless as

the spring of a tiger, and told him also that in the battles of the wild it was the first blow which counted for the most. So, as the circles of the stallion grew smaller, he gripped his longsword firmly, and as he did so he heard, without heeding, a shout from the barnyard. At the same moment the horse swerved sharply in its tracks and rushed upon him.

Glenwood braced his sturdy legs and lashed out with all of his strength, and, as luck would have it, he struck the charging stallion a stinging blow straight across that most tender part of an animal, the nose. The horse wheeled and kicked, and his hoof struck Glenwood a glancing blow on the shoulder, snapping the bone of the upper arm, dislocating the joint, and then glancing up to lay open the side of his head and stretch him bleeding and senseless, a huddled little heap, still gripping the longsword, and with the barrel-head shield upon his arm.

He was unconscious when the Polish farm-hand, armed with a pitchfork, rushed into the pasture and gathered him up. But the following day, with half of his small body in bandages, Doris came to him.

"Dear Glen!" she said, and knelt and kissed him, then stole out, sobbing violently, but left a flower on his bed.

When, soon afterward, she left him to return across the wide ocean, Glenwood bade her good-by with a pallid face and quivering lips. His weakness—for he was still in bed—even caused the sapphire eyes to overrun with tears.

Then Stephen came in to say good-by, and grinned at Glenwood, and Glenwood grinned back and thought of the day when he had sent the boy bawling to the house, and his soul was cheered at the recollection—for, you see, he was only in the Middle Ages.

#### THE AGE OF ROMANCE

Seven years passed before they met again. Glenwood was about to enter

college. Doris had become to him a vague memory, an impulse, one might almost say an instinct—something not lost, but dormant.

At this epoch Glenwood was a Galahad; a slim, strong boy, lean of limb and wide of frame, with clear blue eyes which were still undimmed by the desecration of the least of his ideals. Then Doris came, and his dreams took substance; fancies hazy before became concrete, for Doris walked to meet him in his own world of romance, and so swept from his mind the troublous doubts lest it be not real.

One finds it difficult to say at what age in their journey they had arrived. The Stone Age was in the nebulous past and the Middle Age had gone, and they had certainly not yet arrived at the present cycle. It was an age of Romance, of shadows and ideals and budding, baffling emotions as pure and delicate as the unfolding of a flower. There was sentiment also, and the romantic impress of other minds. It was that transient age of richest bounty where one profits by all things and loses by none.

Doris had grown to be a sweet-faced Psyche, graceful as a young white birch. She was as tall as one would wish to have her, with a sweet, low-pitched voice, and eyes into the depths of which those whom she loved looked deep. She was a tender, hardy creature who believed the world to be composed of two classes of folk: the good and the unhappy.

The meeting of the two was an affair of swift emotions, smiles and blushes, for both were shy. Glenwood grew bolder and explored unknown depths in the wonderful gray eyes, while his strong young heart hammered at his ribs and his tongue stammered clumsy words. Doris' face was of the color which steals through rose-tinted porcelain.

"You have changed, Glen," she said, "but the change has not made you any different. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Glenwood, "I know."

"Do you think that I am different?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but you will always be the same to me."

It was a wonderful epoch in which they now found themselves, this Age of Romance. In the Neolithic Age he had dragged her hither and yon, nor spared his strong hand when she crossed his pleasure, and in the Age of Chivalry he had fought and bled for her and received her favors as his right; but this new period was a time of fluttering doubts, breathless fears alternating with dazzling dreams, and thrilling fancies swiftly clouded by doubts. This young creature who had dragged his mate to him by her hair in the Stone Age grew breathless and giddy at the touch of her finger-tips in the Age of Romance, and she, likewise, who had endured chastisement with sweet submission when the world was young would have been shocked to faintness at one rough word. By all of this one sees that they had rather run ahead of their civilization; they were still living in the precarious bloom of flowers budding before the last frost of springtime; that false, sweet, dangerous Elysium of youth when all ideals are still intact; a fair country whereof the citizens are all honest, generous, loving their neighbors far more than themselves; where all loves are pure and all lovers faithful, and the passion itself so rich that it asks only the touch of a finger, the deep gaze of eye to eye, the near presence for its bountiful nourishment, and a kiss to set its world rocking with wonder and awe.

This was where they dwelt. Each day they rode together on strong, wiry mountain horses, and Glenwood, who knew the woodland trails, led her deep into the forest and taught her the mysteries of the things which ran and swam and flew. Sometimes they dismounted, and, leaving the horses to graze, would sit on the springy moss beneath some

dark, sheltering hemlock and talk of all the beautiful things which there were in the world, and the virtues of their friends, and the sweetness of the air, perfumed with balsam and the cool wet smell of ferns growing near a spring, and of themselves, but guardedly and with the vague consciousness of some lurking genii ready to sweep in at a word and render all things a chaos. Glenwood feared it more, for his thought was all of Doris—but she? One finds it hard to say. Perhaps she feared it, too; no doubt, also, Pandora-like, there were times when she may have wished to raise the cover and peep within, the more so as she felt that Glenwood would not permit of it. There is no such guardian of a maid as her lover, when his heart is pure and his will strong.

It was not until the summer was waning and the time drew near for Doris to return across the wide ocean that Glenwood stood falteringly forth in his true guise. They had ridden deep into the forest, where they had dismounted to steal down to the edge of a little lake in the hope of seeing a deer feeding among the lily-pads on the opposite shore. In this they were successful; a doe with twin fawns came down through the laurel, and they watched the pretty creatures until some vague alarm sent them scampering back into the woods.

Doris sighed as they were walking back to the horses.

"There is nothing like this in England, Glen," she said, and threw out both her slender arms in a gesture which embraced the whole. "There are forests, of course, and deer, and trout streams—but there is not this delicious wildness and the keen mountain air—" She brought her arms down slowly, breathing deep and filling her full young chest.

"Are you sorry to go away?" asked Glenwood in a low voice. His eyes were on the trail, and his pulse was pounding in his ears. There was a vibration in his voice which startled the girl; she had



THEY HAD RIDDEN DEEP INTO THE FOREST, WHERE THEY HAD DISMOUNTED

lately heard it several times, and always with the same responsive thrill. Her gray eyes studied his troubled face—and then they softened, and a soft color crept into her cheeks.

"Of course I am, silly boy," she answered tenderly. "The happiest times of my life have been over here—with you, Glen, dear."

Glen stopped and looked at her. His

ruddy face was pale and his sapphire eyes glowed out like two jewels.

"Glen!" cried the girl, startled. "What is it? Why are you so pale?"

Glenwood's big, boyish hand reached for the small one at his side, closed about it and carried it to his lips. He kissed it with a quick gasp for breath.

"Doris," he said, chokingly, "I love you."

"Oh, Glen!" Doris turned away, breathless and trembling, and for a moment Glenwood stood holding her hand and watching her in an agony of self-reproach. It seemed to him as if he had flung an insult in the face of their perfect comradeship—as if that alone were not enough.

"Doris," he said, in a low voice, "forgive me, dear. I did not mean to hurt you! I would rather die than make you unhappy!"

Doris turned to him a rosy face and eyes that were sparkling through their tears.

"You have not hurt me, Glen, dearest." She saw the wretchedness upon his face and smiled.

"You may kiss me if you like, Glen," she whispered, and Glenwood kissed her as he had done in the Stone Age, not many times, but only once, and then it was such a kiss as the devotee bestows upon the emblem of his worship.

Soon afterward she left him again—left him with her girlish promise, which, as every one but such as Glenwood knows, is not to be considered binding, and for weeks the boy's interest in everything but the arrival of European mails was purely perfunctory. Then, as the months passed, the letters came farther and farther apart; outside interests in which he had no concern became their substance. In time they ceased to come—and their place was filled by the tide of events washing in upon the boy's life from his active future as it rushed to meet him.

#### THE SUM OF THE AGES

Ten long years were sped before they met again. Glenwood was twenty-eight, Doris twenty-six. The man's mature development had fulfilled the promise of his clean-hearted youth. He had become a working force, an engineer, a builder of railroads and bridges and great dams and the like. He knew his craft, and he knew his world and her

peoples, for his work had carried him far afield.

He was resting and recruiting strength, taxed heavily in a tropical service, when Doris came. From the first Glenwood studied her unobtrusively, but with the close scrutiny of one who sets himself in later life to analyze a problem which had vexed him in youth. He had long passed the period where he felt himself aggrieved, nevertheless he learned with a swift stab of pain that Doris was betrothed to Stephen, who had fallen heir to great wealth.

"So the pampered cad has jumped my claim!" said Glenwood grimly to himself, and with a hardening of his lean, thoroughbred face. "I wonder if he has grown to be man enough to hold it!"

This time there was no hint of shyness in their meeting. Glenwood looked steadily at the tall, beautiful woman, and his cool, even gaze was met by a smile of frank friendliness. Doris' gray eyes were deep as ever, deeper, perhaps, but she no longer permitted her soul to look out through them at will. Glenwood's first glance showed him that he could not sound their former depths, and Doris was quick to feel his failure. A tinge of mockery crept into her smile.

"Do you find me changed?" she asked.

"Yes," said Glenwood quietly, "you are changed."

"In what way?"

"You have learned to laugh at what used to hurt you," he answered, and began to talk of other things.

Just as of old they took long rides together, and canoed on the lake, and walked in the fragrant woods. They visited fearlessly old haunts, places which Glenwood had consecrated to a goddess, now become a woman. One would have said that the old comradeship was still the same, or if any change, it was that of better understanding.

But Doris found it incomplete, and showed it; if Glenwood found any





Drawing by Cyrus Fomire

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"I'M FRIGHTENED, GLEN," SHE WHISPERED

change he did not betray it by look or word. Doris felt the need of some ancient title which was coolly withheld. The man was not giving her her own. He was kind, thoughtful, interesting, amusing, all that she remembered him, but with a quiet detachment of manner that admitted her to none of his council-fires—nor did he ask a place at hers! There was no trace of the old proprietorship, savage, chivalric, romantic in turns, but always there. He was the Glenwood of old in all but—*herself*.

Perhaps his early domination had been woven into certain fibers of her nature; perhaps even then it was no new thing. At any rate she craved it. The Stone Age, the Age of Chivalry, the Age of Romance all seemed to belong more to herself and to him than did this cool, pulseless, passionless Age of Nothing. One day it roused her to protest.

"You *have* changed, Glen!" she said. "Yesterday I deliberately broke my engagement to ride with you, to go canoeing with a man whom I knew that you did not like. I did it on purpose to see what you would do—and you did nothing! You have not even commented on it! That could never have happened before, even the last time, when you were a dear, unselfish, sentimental boy!"

Glenwood looked at her with his cool smile and tugged at his crisp mustache.

"I do not try to control the actions of other people's people," he said. Doris looked down at the path so that he might not see the pain in her eyes.

"Then did you consider before that I was your person?" she asked.

"Yes. So did you. Now you are to be considered as Stephen's, are you not?" His clear eyes rested on Doris curiously.

"Why? Because I am engaged to him?"

"Because you are in love with him."

For a moment Doris did not answer, but walked on, her eyes fixed on the path ahead. Suddenly she laughed a hard, mocking little laugh.

"I believe that you are still in the Age of Romance, Glen, dear," she said lightly. "Come, let us go back to the house."

One night they walked together down the moonlit lane to the shore of the lake. There was a witch-mist spread upon the tops of the rushes, and the water was like the meeting-place of two separate worlds, each with a rival firmament. The beach gleamed like a silver band.

Near the water's edge they paused to listen to the night sounds of the forest. Doris looked about her furtively and with a quick catch of her breath, half awe, half rapture at the beauty of the night and the deep mystery of the lake lying cradled and silent in the arms of the forest. Then, from somewhere in the depths came the booming cry of an owl, followed by the raucous scream with which this prowler startles its prey.

Doris shivered and looked quickly at Glenwood.

"What was that, Glen?"

"An owl."

They waited silently. Glenwood, his straight features cut like a cameo against the bright sky, stared out across the lake. Something stirred in the bushes behind them; there was a rustle, a sharp scurry and a rattling of leaves loud as musketry in the tense silence. Doris stifled a cry and her hand flew to the man's arm. He turned and looked into her face.

"I'm frightened, Glen," she whispered.

"Do you want to go back?"

"No." She dropped her hand upon his, into his, and Glenwood's strong fingers closed upon it swiftly.

"Why do you do that?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"What, Glen?"

"Put your hand in mine?"

"Because I am afraid—and—have I not always put my hand in yours, Glen?" Doris' voice was tremulous.

Glenwood's arms went about her shoulders, and he drew her strongly to him.

"You are right, Doris," he said, and Doris' heart sang in her bosom, for the voice was that of the old Glenwood, her Glenwood, strong, dominant and tender.

He drew her close. "God made my hand to hold yours, darling. You are mine—mine only. You have always belonged only to me. I have waited to see if you could help but know it. Don't you *know* that you have always belonged to me? Look in my eyes! Look back—'way, 'way back, Doris, dear. Look back to the very beginning!"

Their eyes met and then their lips,

and so, with heart beating to heart, they drew aside the curtains of the past. Together they listened to the roar of the Ages as they scurried past, until at length they paused at the very Beginning of Things.

Cycle by cycle they returned again, passing the Ages one by one, and finding their token in each, and when they had arrived again at their own place Doris rested her head peacefully against the shoulder of her mate, and, with hands joined, they turned in perfect confidence to face their Future.

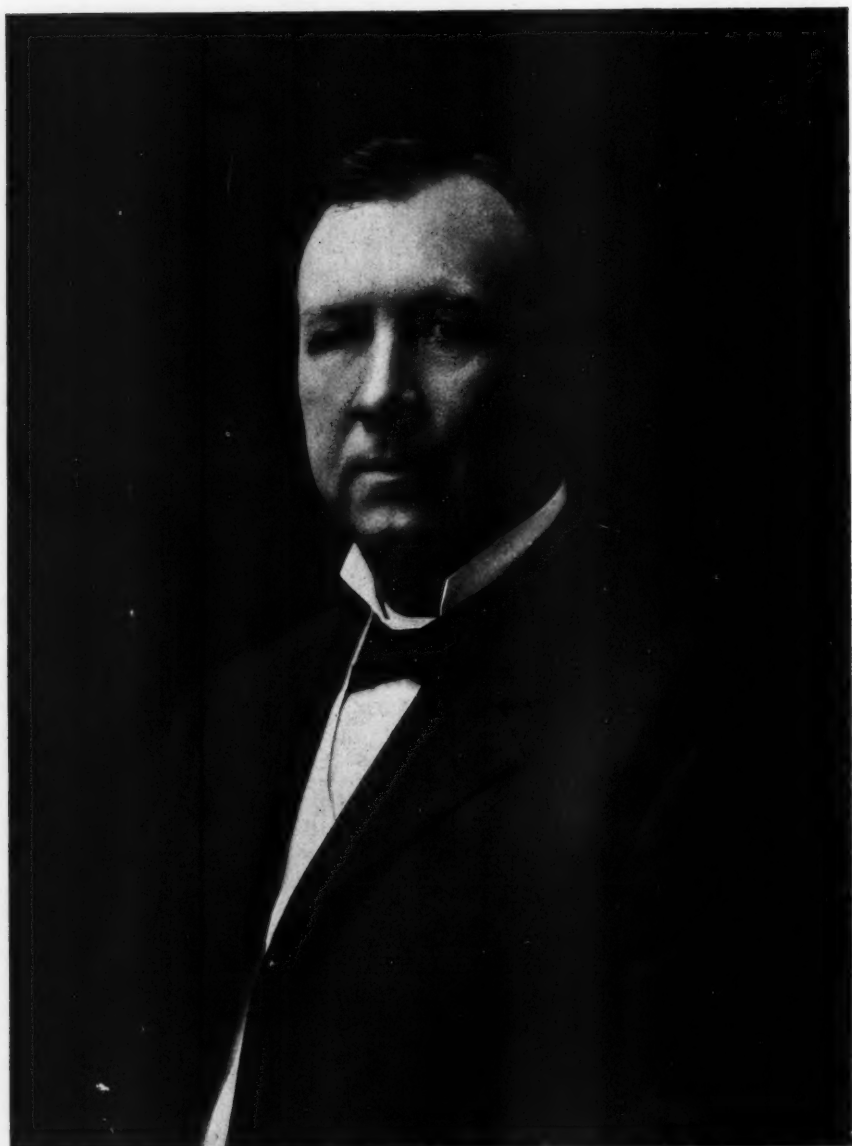
## GRAY EYES

By ETHELWYN DITHRIDGE

Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,  
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray,  
In whose untroubled depths no image lies  
Of any thought less calm, less pure than they.

But for the gradual smiles that dawn as day,  
Lighting the dim recesses where they rise,  
Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,  
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray.

Silent they are, yet eloquently wise  
Of visions splendid that no words convey;  
As if once having looked on Paradise  
Still were they loath to turn their gaze away,  
Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,  
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray.



Photographed by Motes & Clark, Atlanta

*Hoke Smith*

GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

From his most recent photograph

# HOKE SMITH AND THE REVOLUTION IN GEORGIA

By HERBERT QUICK

Author of "Double Trouble," "Cummins of Iowa," etc.

THE people of the United States think they know Hoke Smith, of Georgia. This is a popular error. It grows out of his having been in Cleveland's cabinet. This association with the Mortons, Lamonts and Carlises, of corporation affiliations, is the medium through which we see Governor Smith, having in mind a smug lawyer who prates the glittering generalities of a generation ago, thinks himself a democrat, but is either "safe and sane" or "plutocratic" — depending upon the common citizen who chooses the term. In either case the citizen will be off the scent of truth. Hoke Smith is not smug and conventional and conservative. He has no corporation collar. He is a successful party revolutionist with the fruits of victory in his hands. He has done what most of our trust-busting governors have merely been talking about; not one of these, save LaFollette, has been through such a baptism of fire and political rebellion as he. He stands for every important radical reform any of them advocates. He has been through a cyclonic campaign against every corporate influence any of them ever opposed. He has won. He controls the legislature of Georgia, and every member of the Democratic executive committee which rules her. He wrote the most radical platform ever adopted, with perhaps one exception, by a state convention of either of the two great parties in these times. He named the ticket on which he was elected governor. And on this pyramid of achievement he stands, with the fragments of the railway machine under his feet and his face turned again toward Washington. Watch Hoke Smith.

The writer sat across the table from him in his well-thumbed and use-polished office in Atlanta. He was governor-elect then, and had just finished his wonderful fifteen months' crusade for the wresting of Georgia from that corporate grip which had lasted until its finger-marks had sunk into the state's fiber like an iron band about a growing tree. He had made three hundred speeches, and had traveled perhaps seventy-five thousand miles. But, tired? He seemed as fresh as if just from a seashore vacation.

"What do you propose to do," said I, full of the issues of elections in Iowa and Wisconsin, "about railway passes?"

"We shall make it a crime," came the answer, like a bullet from a gun, "for any pass or frank to be given to any one but employes of the corporation giving them!"

"How about the lobby?" I asked.

"We shall drive it from Georgia," answered the governor, with ungovernor-like directness. "A lobbyist will not be allowed to speak to members of the legislature about legislation, except in public, before the proper committees, and after he has registered, giving the name of his employer, what he expects to get for his work, and what legislation he is 'looking after.'"

"And if he does speak to a member?"

"We shall put him in the penitentiary as a criminal, where he belongs!"

Governor Smith's hand came down upon his desk with a concussion that set the office a-quiver, and his gray eyes looked his questioner in the face unwaveringly. I do not care to be a lobbyist in Georgia, I think—not after Hoke Smith gets that reform mill of his grinding.



This feeling came powerfully upon me as my mind cleared after the shock of these declarations, and my reason ceased to totter on its throne at the thought of some lobbyists I have known—such men as Judge A—, or Major B—, with their fine tastes in wines, cates, Maudes and such like, their oriental parlors in the great new hotel, their side-splitting stories, their ingratiating way of speaking to the country delegate in private, and showing him life as he had never imagined it in Pleasant Valley township—at the thought of such men as these compelled to register and speak only in public. Why, this will never do, Governor, thought I. You are destroying a picturesque industry, or hampering it, anyhow. You might as well require a yegg-man to post notices as to the hour and day whereon he expects to blow the village safe!

The hand that smote the desk is a big hand, hung on a long arm. Governor Smith is a giant of some seventy-five inches in height and weighs eighteen stone. He is fifty-one years old, and good for more years and more work than the average man of forty. He is a human power-plant, a battery of boilers driving whole systems of dynamos. The people of Georgia have wondered at his iron endurance as they admired his iron determination. After the campaign he made, the duties of the office of governor must seem like silken leisure.

He is the son of a New England schoolmaster who married one of that family of North Carolina Hokes which furnished to the Confederacy some of its most distinguished soldiers. The gigantic, gray-eyed, iron-muscled, steady-minded, resolute son of this union, at the age of sixteen or so, went to Georgia and engaged in his Yankee father's profession of school-teaching, studying law of nights, until he was able to go to Atlanta, a licensed practitioner.

He has been a most successful lawyer, and all through a life in which politics,

a cabinet position, newspaper-owning, farming, and the public functions of a natural educator have had large place, Hoke Smith has been primarily a lawyer and secondarily a business man. His success has been flattering. He is worth something on the black-ink side of half a million, and can very well afford to amuse himself for a while with the control of the destinies of his state.

Just how it happens that with this combination of the qualities of a fine lawyer and a good business man he has not been in the service of the great corporations is something of a mystery. Yet he has closed his career as a lawyer, and has never accepted a regular retainer from any corporation. Like Governor Hughes, of New York, he has from time to time done special work for railroads, but on the whole he has been the lawyer of the citizen against the corporation, making a specialty of personal injury cases. Had he been obscure he would have been contemptuously dubbed "an ambulance-chaser" by the legal departments of the railways; but, in a campaign in which the prevailing tone was personal venom, no word was said against Mr. Smith's professional methods—or, if there was, it was instantly disclaimed and retracted. The ex-secretary of the interior had made the business of a personal-injury lawyer respectable and respected.

Brief contact with him explains his failure to enroll among the corporation lawyers. You can not imagine this big, calm, self-centered man taking orders from New York or Washington as to things not purely legal and encircled by the rubber bands of his brief. And one can not be a corporation attorney in these days on any such purely professional basis. One is impressed with the feeling that Hoke Smith is a man who will never wear a collar. He is honest; besides, he has an ingrained self-assertive obstinacy which is almost as good in itself as honesty.

Besides being a temporary statesman, he has been a periodic politician, a political comet, whose orbit was a mystery, likely to burst threateningly into the sky of Georgia when everything was nicely fixed. He was never thought safe by the state machine, and so he was usually with the "outs" rather than with the "ins," and content to be so. He flamed triumphantly to the zenith, though, when the state machine had deeded the state to David Bennett Hill, and became Cleveland's secretary of the interior. When Bryan won in the revolutionary upheaval at Chicago, Hoke Smith was as good a gold man as Cleveland; but he feared the triumph of the forces back of McKinley more than he feared free silver, and he looked on the Palmer and Buckner movement as a miserable subterfuge. So he resigned his portfolio and supported Bryan.

He preserved his "regularity," but he was more hopelessly with the "outs" than ever before. Georgia, the home of Tom Watson, and a hotbed of Populism, was fanatically for free silver. The corporation machine bowed to the tempest, and, pouring their contributions into the fund of the McKinley campaign at national headquarters, tossed their ready caps in the air for Bryan and free silver at Atlanta. 'Twas ever thus, since Jay Gould uttered the Golden Text of the public-service corporation in his statement that they were Republican when the Republicans were in power, Democrats when the Democrats were in power, but Erie men always. In Kansas the railways have ever been the best of Prohibitionists. Hoke Smith, as a doubtful Democrat, a gold-bug, was retired to his rusty law office, where he sought diligently in his books for the joints in the armor of the corporations, and made money. He was out of politics. Yet we find him active in educational circles. He has an idea that the elements of agricultural science ought to be taught in the common schools—a lawgiver's idea that

—and he lectures from time to time on the subject. He also makes a noteworthy address on "The Development and Sale of Lint Cotton" before the Cotton Growers' Protective Association, and gives many libraries to struggling Georgia schools. A good citizen, this, interested in his state's welfare, and out of politics. Exactly so!

Three years ago no one would have thought the red clay of Georgia good soil for LaFollettism. Since reconstruction times the state had been hamstrung, hog-tied, gagged, bound, ruled and run by the corporations, with the railways in command. Once it seemed that the Populists might succeed, and some say that the party of Tom Watson, on a fair count, had the vote; but the election machinery, which had been set to prevent negro domination, ground out naught but Democratic majorities, and Populism slumped in 1896 in Georgia as elsewhere. There was a railway commission, with large powers; but—a word to "T. R."—the railways don't care a picayune how big a stick a railway commission may be if they wield the commission. They wielded it in Georgia. The machine had everything in sight. The state executive committee of the Democratic party was in their hands. The political barometer was high and the weather fine. A system of rotation in office had been worked out long since, and members of the machine took their offices when it came their turn. As to the office of governor, it was the turn of Mr. Clark Howell, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, an eminent citizen whose paper had always been with the ruling forces in Georgia politics, whose services had earned him the high place, whose character was unblemished, and whose abilities were unquestioned. Nothing slighting is intended as to Mr. Howell's personality or claims to the office. One must needs have been gifted with second sight to have seen any other way for him to enter the service of his state as

governor except the way he took. Moreover, he is said to be financially interested in railway securities, and by his very environment he was perhaps the best man in Georgia who seemed to have any chance to be governor. One can scarcely ask for anything better than that—from a railway machine.

Now, there was another paper in Atlanta, managed and edited by a big, brainy, black-avised man named James R. Gray, familiarly known as "Dick" Gray, of the *Atlanta Journal*. The *Journal* is an evening paper, quite Hearsty as to typography. Either as the inevitable positive pole to the *Constitution's* negative, or, as I think, on principle, the *Journal*—which once belonged to Hoke Smith—had for years been fighting the state machine. It had pointed out freight abuses, shown that the railway commission seemed to serve the railways, that competition was at an end, that Nashville on the north and Birmingham on the west were given better rates than Atlanta, and that the railways were strangling Georgia under the protection of the state machine. One gets a different idea of this question at Birmingham, where they were waging a campaign for the Georgia rates—but that is another story. The point is that the war for better rates was going on merrily—in the *Journal* and among Atlanta shippers.

Finally the railways began to take some notice of the growing discontent. At last there was a conference, a series of conferences, between the citizens and the representatives of the railways. One may feel some sympathy with the be-deviled and worried traffic managers, confronted with the necessity of earning dividends on their aqueous stocks, baited by the *Journal* at Atlanta demanding justice as against the competition of Birmingham, and shot full of darts of argument by Braxton Bragg Comer at Birmingham vigorously asking for justice and the Georgia rates. However, they granted Atlanta some substantial

reductions in rates, and a pact was made. Gray was to call off the *Journal*, and Atlanta was to cease her everlasting howl. The calumet went round and all was quiet—for about four weeks.

Then one of those things happened which cause us to wonder if the management of our railways is in the hands of the greatest men in the country after all. With inconceivable fatuousness the railways repudiated the pact and advanced rates—not to the old level, but substantially. The war broke out again with renewed virulence. The young men of the *Journal* took the scent and began baying on the railways' trail. There were interviews and meetings, and "Dick" Gray took his pen in hand and dictated an editorial calling on the state to shake off the grip of the machine, and describing in minute detail the sort of governor who could do the work. With no one in mind, he drew a picture of the ideal governor for Georgia. Next day a committee of business men called on Gray.

"We have come," said they, "to talk to you about Hoke Smith."

"Indeed," said Gray, "and what's the matter with him?"

"It's about his running for governor," said one of the committee, "as stated in your editorial."

"I didn't mention Mr. Smith," replied Mr. Gray.

"But you described him," responded the spokesman, "and we've come to ask what you know as to his attitude, and whether he was willing for you to put him in nomination. We're for him."

Mr. Gray read over his editorial, recognized its fidelity to Mr. Smith in a descriptive way, informed the committee that he had no reason to believe that Mr. Smith would accept, but urged them to call on him. Mr. Smith was out of politics, up to his eyes in law, and had private reasons for staying by his practice; but he would consider it. The committee went away, and the matter was

hung up as a target for a daily flight of letters asking Mr. Smith to head the revolt, among them one from the Honorable Pope Brown, the only candidate to whom Mr. Smith was under obligations. Mr. Smith, having hesitated, was lost—to his law business. He accepted the nomination, nailing to the church door his thesis of reform in June, 1905. In September, 1906, this thesis became the party platform at Macon, and the state machine was a mass of political junk. A new figure had appeared in the field of the newer radicalism, and another state had been recaptured by its citizens.

When it was whispered about that Mr. Smith was likely to take the leadership of the anti-corporation movement, the machine forces sent out their challenge, saying that Mr. Smith would never dare do such a thing. There are stories, doubtless fables, that in the exclusive society circles of Atlanta one lady said to another that the other lady's husband dared not run against her husband, and that this had something to do with the events of the next fifteen months. It is mentioned here as showing—else such a story could not circulate—how strong were the entrenchments of the machine, and what hardihood it was supposed to take to march up against them.

Mr. Smith's announcement was his answer to this challenge. In it he declared war upon the lobby, called for an elective railway commission with "all the authority of the state" back of it, demanded reform in primaries, promised further discussion of the situation, and the fight was on. There was in this manifesto one clause which will sound strange to the Northerner, but upon which Mr. Smith expected no controversy. It was the occasion of some of the bitterest strife of the campaign. This was the clause: "I favor a constitutional amendment which will insure the continuation of white supremacy."

Not that there was a white man in

Georgia who would not give up the last drop of his blood to perpetuate white supremacy. No such man can be found. Whatever may be thought of the matter in Massachusetts or Minnesota, in Georgia the first principle of action with white men is the preservation of white supremacy, and Hoke Smith's proposal was as trite in its object as a demand for good roads or an economical administration. But it asked for a particular line of action, and after Mr. Smith had in speeches developed it into a demand for the Alabama disfranchisement law, with its educational test and its "grandfather clause," it furnished the red herring which for fifteen months the corporations dragged across their trail to divert the hot scent-snuffing hounds of Hoke Smith and "Dick" Gray. The proposition, they said, was a most mischievous one, calculated to disfranchise white men and stir up an otherwise quiet situation. Let well enough alone. Hadn't the white primary settled the negro question?

Perhaps it had, temporarily, said Mr. Smith; but did they remember the time when the Populist uprising divided the whites, and how the negroes were suddenly clothed with political power as arbiters of the dispute? The negro voters constituted forty-four and six-tenths per cent. of the voters of the state. In sixty-five counties they had an actual numerical majority, and also in about half the towns and cities. Everywhere they held the balance of power. "How is it that we have no negro judges, legislators, mayors and other officers in these localities?" said Mr. Smith. "I do not know, and I should not tell if I did. But I tell you the situation is not a safe one. Our sister states of Mississippi, South Carolina, Louisiana, Alabama and Virginia have disfranchised most of their negroes. We must do the same before some great combination of financial interests, by purchase of the negro vote, gains control of the state forever." I do not quote him; I epitomize his appeal to



his fellow white men. It sounds vastly different as the percentage of colored population increases. There is something with which the most fervent believer in negro equality can partly sympathize in Mr. Smith's appeal for a state of things under which the white man would not have to resort to ballot-box stuffing and intimidation in order to keep control—assuming that he has a right to the control. It was in effect a demand for a condition of things which would make honest elections possible.

"What will you do," said I, "with the negro who acquires a sufficient intelligence to read and reasonably construe a section of the constitution?"

"Let him vote," was the answer. "But all the teachers in Massachusetts and Iowa couldn't teach twenty-five per cent. of them to do it."

"How about the injustice of allowing white men to vote who are illiterate?" I asked.

"Any state adopting an educational test," said he, "must protect certain classes against disfranchisement. Long ago Massachusetts did it by permitting all her soldiers to vote. The discrimination in favor of the white man who can not read must eventually disappear, and should disappear with time and better school facilities. It is right now, because it is necessary."

It was upon this question of the disfranchisement of illiterate white men that the state machine made its greatest stand. All through the "piney woods" and in the remote districts the word was passed that Hoke Smith, the gold-bug, was trying to rob white men of the right to vote. And everywhere Mr. Smith followed with his speeches. For fifteen months he went about talking. They said he was a self-centered man who could not mix with the people. But on he went, talking his creed of mixed democracy and despotism, shaking hands with the people and winning them. Into the African jungle of McIntosh County he

went and spoke to three thousand negroes the doctrine of their own disfranchisement "for the good of both whites and blacks." The great black audience swayed and muttered and murmured, but the sonorous voice of the gigantic tribune of white democracy rolled untrémblingly over them, and the speech was delivered just as it was spoken in the white counties—only in the white counties the speaker did not have before him on the table that traveling bag with the revolver in it. So much for this phase of the campaign. It may serve to show that this business of government is not without its aspects of gloom, of savagery, even of terror, in some parts of the land; and it should impel every reader to put himself in the place of the citizen of the South—white or black—and ask, What would I do? What can be done? What should be done?

In Georgia, as in most Southern states, the primary has succeeded the caucus by operation of law. It seems not to have been opposed by the political corporations as it has been in the North. The reason is obvious. The primary was evolved in the South, not as a weapon against corporate domination, but as a means of keeping the negro out of politics. It is a white man's primary. No negro can vote in it. "The white primary," says the Hoke Smith platform, "evolved out of our perplexities, is a marvelous triumph of self-government, and should always be retained and strengthened. Back of it, however, hangs the lowering threat that whenever the hosts of privilege need support, they will seek to divide our people, and by means of the corrupt and venal negro vote retain the balance of power." But the primary in Georgia was of the machine-politics kind by which only delegates are chosen who, after the first ballot, freed from instruction, go floating off with the winds and tides of bargain and dicker. In such a primary, if at all, Hoke Smith had to win. Four prominent men took



the field against him. One was Mr. Howell, the real candidate. Another was Richard Russell, who surpassed Hoke Smith in radicalism—hoping to divide the radical vote. Then there was Mr. James M. Smith, whose share in the good things of the state machine had been the labor of the convicts, and Colonel Estill, who was thought able to carry a few counties. It was strenuously denied that these gentlemen were all running together “as brothers,” as alleged by the Hoke Smith management, but the case seems to need no proof. Anyhow, Hoke Smith announced that he stood pat and was running against all of them—a hardy declaration, for they were all honorable men. “If I don’t get enough delegates to beat them all combined,” declared the ex-secretary, “I am beaten; for, after the first ballot, they will combine.” “He admits defeat!” shouted the others. “No man can get a plurality in Georgia over Clark Howell, ‘Big Jim’ Smith, ‘Plain Dick’ Russell and Colonel Estill. He admits he’s licked!”

It looked that way. All the “prominent” politicians, with a very few exceptions, were against him. The United States senators kept out of the fight, but their influence went to the men who had placed them in the senate. Only two of the entire congressional delegation were with Mr. Smith. With the exception of the *Atlanta Journal*, the press was against him. His campaign proves that wherever one man of honesty and ability can be found to pay the price of leadership in labor, in the suffering of abuse, vituperation and slander, the cause of the people against a corrupt machine is full of hope. Single-handed Hoke Smith beat to earth the syndicated corporations and their machine. Of the one hundred and forty-six counties, he carried one hundred and twenty-three. He received twenty thousand more votes than all his opponents. He was nominated unanimously, and elected as a matter of course. He dictated a platform

which aligns him with Bryan in the Roger Sullivan incident in declaring that the party and the government must be purged of men who represent special interests; which calls for primaries that shall nominate by popular vote all officers, including United States senators; which demands the abolition of workers at the polls, and the disfranchisement of men found guilty of buying or selling votes at any election; which promises a stringent corrupt-practices act; which makes pass-giving or pass-taking a crime; which favors the compulsory domestication of Georgia railways and their submission to Georgia courts, to the end that the Georgian shall preserve the constitutional privilege “of having his cause tried by a jury of the vicinage”; which denounces the lobbyist as a criminal; which finds in watered stocks the great cause of excessive freight rates and favors governmental regulation of issues of such securities; which calls for just rates to be fixed by a strong elective railway commission, and declares that just rates are those which will pay reasonable returns on capital actually invested, exclusive of watered stock; which calls attention to the fact that the Western & Atlantic Railway, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, is the property of Georgia, opposes the sale or lease of it without a referendum, and asks that the plan of extending it to the sea be taken up—a piece of actual government ownership!

If there be some subtle tie between this earth and its affairs and the sainted shades of those who have gone before, then, when this platform was adopted that summer day at Macon, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Collis P. Huntington must have turned over in their graves! Execration must have succeeded to contempt in the tones of those who use the expression “The public be damned!” Surely September the fourth, 1906, may be accepted as the date and Macon, Georgia, as the place where the worm actually and definitely turned.

However this may be, the return of Hoke Smith to power was there consummated. "Do you know what this means," asked I, "as to the future? How can you ever leave this work which has been placed in your hands?"

"I shall never leave off the fight for the elimination of special interests from control of government," he replied. "I am enlisted for life."

I therefore beg leave, ladies and gentlemen, to call your attention to the latest acquisition of the reform-governor menagerie: Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Observe his big frame and rugged health. Note the fire in his eye and the resonance of his voice. See those crushed cogs and wheels and springs and the crumpled wires about his feet, and remember that they are all that is left of the once beautifully light-running, well-oiled and effective state machine of Georgia. Consider that he has had four

years of training in public affairs in the National Gymnasium at Washington, in this respect being unique in his party—on the reform side. Do not lose sight of the fact that he has been a Cleveland Democrat of the inner circle, and that he is now second only to LaFollette, if second to any, as a trust-busting governor. Mind that he has enlisted for life. And I submit to you, ladies and gentlemen, is he not perhaps the greatest figure in the whole show? Do you think he will be allowed to stay at Atlanta? One may be permitted to prophesy that he will not. One may be permitted to predict that one of these days the big form of Hoke Smith will be seen as a great figure in a national convention, or trying to squeeze itself into a seat in the senate chamber at Washington; and that when the leaders of "the merger" see him move unexpectedly, they will each and every one of them nervously dodge.

## HOW LONG SHALL THEIR GREAT VOICELESS BLEEDING BE?

By GARNET NOEL WILEY

Madonna Mary, rimmed around with gold,  
With altars chaste, with holy candles dim,  
Sad-eyed among the shadows strange and cold,  
Yet through the ages bosom-warmed by Him  
Upon thy breast; thy motherhood a thing  
Set round with fears, that like a crown of thorns  
Tore at thy love until thy suffering  
Blurred in a mist of red the coming morns  
—And yet what Marys yield their babes away  
To factory walls, a sunless Calvary!—  
The Christ hung on the cross a single day;  
How long shall their great voiceless bleeding be?  
How long shall Greed the babies crucify  
Until God's tears fall on them, and they die?



"I AM GIRSTMAN," SAYS HE, "HERE IS MY CARD"

## THE YELLOW VIOLIN

By JOHN T. MCINTYRE

Author of "Afar from Elsinore," etc.

"I WONDER," said Bat Scanlon, "if this fellow Ysaye makes his hit because he can bow a violin better than the other catgut experts, or because he owns a better violin."

No one ventured a reply; violins and violinists were not exactly in the company's line.

"I roomed next a German in St. Joe one time," resumed Bat; "he handed around coffee and sinkers in a dime beanery during the day, and kept me awake at night by drawing long, emotional sobs out of a 'cello. It was him that first put me wise on the violin sub-

ject and loaded me up with thoughts about the Amati family, and Josef Guarnerius, and Antonius Stradivarius, till my musical education began to slop over the rim. Before I took up this course of lectures I did not know that such a place as Cremona existed; but when that wild Bavarian got through expounding, it seemed to have every other hamlet shouldered off the map, and that poets, philosophers and merchant princes had reason to look sadly back upon wasted lives not devoted to chopping out sound-ing-boards and such like.

"But the first piece of violin construc-

tion reputed to have originated in this gifted village came under my observation when I was engaged in negotiating a loan on a Swiss watch from Tolma, a Mexican Jew, who conducted a collateral bank with considerable success in St. Joe at that time.

"Tolma was not a philanthropist. It was his ancestors who progressed along the Jericho road on the morning that a certain man was strong-armed and beaten up; and they were the ones who continued their progression with never a pause. Tolma had very little respect for the Swiss movement, and did not hesitate to air his opinions; I orated him across the counter until a customer came in and interrupted proceedings.

"The customer was a thin man, with a hollow chest and a cough that rattled; he had a hesitating manner and a soft cloth bag. Tolma looks him over with the green-eyed benevolence of the cat tribe, and then says:

" 'What do you want?'

"The thin man puts a gray, damp-looking hand into the cloth bag and brings out a violin. It is a big, yellow one, the kind you see the coons have down in the cotton belt; and somebody had painted a picture of a steamboat on the back of it.

" 'I want,' says the man, 'a loan on this.'

"Tolma takes the violin and holds it up by the head.

" 'Shingles, shoe-nails and roof paint,' says he. 'You'll take a dollar and a half on it, or you'll take it out of the place.'

"The customer stares and fumbles at the cloth bag.

" 'A dollar and a half,' says he, in a voice that showed that he was groping around to get the feel of the words. 'Did you say a dollar and a half?'

" 'One-fifty,' says Tolma, 'and I'd rather you wouldn't take me at that.'

"The thin man reached for the violin and tucked it into the bag; he seemed sort of scared and astonished, and began

to hand out a line of reminiscences that made the pawnbroker grin. He allowed that he had once been the main squeeze in a highly profitable business at New Orleans, and that he had frequently been compelled to send out for extra rubber bands to hold his roll together. He made his money in bottling pickles and spent it in corraling works of art. Engraved gems, it seemed, had been a favorite dissipation of his, and now and then he took a flyer in Dutch masters and illuminated manuscripts; but old musical instruments had been his most cherished foolishness, and in the end had dealt the pickle industry a shattering blow, landed the proprietor thereof outside the ropes, and given to modern society the material for another pan-handler.

"But out of the wreck he had pulled the yellow violin; in spite of hunger, cold and the lack of human sympathy he had continued to hang on to it.

" 'I'm going to work to-morrow,' says he, 'and I figured on getting the instrument out in a few days. Otherwise I could not have parted with it.'

" 'You're having a dream,' says Tolma; 'if you fall out of bed you'll get an awful bump.'

"The other fellow came back with a sort of quiet dignity; but it was all lost.

" 'I'm speaking the truth,' says he. 'This violin is a priceless example of the genius of Guarnerius. It is a trifle cracked in the back, it is true, but that does not affect its tone in the least. But the injury has halted my desire to remove this coat of paint which some ignorant person placed upon it, and which hides the delicacy that the art of the great Josef gave to the instrument.'

"The man is very white and sick-looking, and coughed while he spoke, and hangs to the counter to steady himself. Tolma shoves him away with the funnel of a baritone horn, which stood at his hand.

" 'If you come in here with a bun,' says the pawnbroker, 'don't lean it up

against things. I think it's you for the wide world, anyhow. You are apt to start seeing things, and might damage the goods.'

"It was a nasty thing to do, and as the poor devil went tottering out at the door I just ached to reach across the counter and pat the little savage on the pants. I settled my affair quickly and came out with two one-dollar notes, which represented Tolma's notion of Swiss movements. The man with the violin was standing on the sidewalk. Being down and almost out myself, I couldn't do much; but I offered to cut the two with him. He kind of looked me over for a minute; then he took me up, but only after getting my name and address, so that he could make good as soon as he got staked.

"It took me two days to use up my remaining dollar; then I called upon Tolma once more. At the back of the shop window I noticed the yellow violin hanging on a wire, and with the picture of the steamboat well displayed.

" 'So the violin came back?' says I, as I closed my deal.

" 'Yes,' says Tolma, 'right after you left. The fellow had made up his mind to take the one-fifty, but I told him that he'd have to do with a dollar, then, or we couldn't trade.'

" 'And he took it?'

" 'Sure. They always do. He made me promise to keep it in the safe. Said it was priceless and a lot more things; also that he'd be sure to come and redeem it in a few days.'

" 'Think he'll come?'

" 'Not him. He'll never get the money together; the booze won't let him. So I've hung it up in the window; a nigger will come along who will fancy it, and will give up five for it when the time's out.'

"I got a week's job counting lumber down the railroad next day, and it was a full month before I had to play a return date at Tolma's. While I was in the

midst of my battle, a big man with bushy hair, a soft hat and an eye-glass with a wide tape hanging from it came in and began to talk. With his dialect, you couldn't keep me out of vaudeville; I'd tell stories in front of a street drop that would make them kick the seats over. It was Hungarian of the most robust and Slavonic type; he assailed the English



THE CUSTOMER HAD A HOLLOW CHEST AND  
A COUGH THAT RATTLED



language from both sides and the front in the most murderous fashion, and what his articulation failed to finish he broke up with his hands.

"He wanted to see the yellow violin, and when Tolma handed it out, explaining that it was a pledge, he acted as though he intended to eat it, looking it over with the thoroughness of a rube conductor on a narrow-gauge railroad. Then he let himself loose. He began by calling down the wrath of all his gods on the gentleman who had applied the yellow paint and blocked out the steamboat; then he switched, and prayed for the maker of the violin, while the tears stood in his eyes.

"'It is a Cremona,' says he, 'and it is sacrilegied against. I knew it as soon as I saw it in the window. I am Girstman; here is my card.'

"He puts down his card. Both the pawnbroker and I had heard of Girstman, the celebrated violinist, then playing in that section; and when he began to clamor for a bow, Tolma turned to dig one up without a murmur. The musician began to tighten and slacken and pick at the strings, all the time talking to and caressing the violin as though it were a sick child. He took the bow and flirted it across the strings and they began to sob and wail in a way that made my blood prickle under the skin; then he tore into something quicker—a leaping, dashing, tempestuous affair that made the green eyes of Tolma crinkle like a mica plate in a dull-burning stove. At last, with the instrument held tight to his breast and his arms folded across it, the violinist leaned across the counter.

"'I am Girstman,' says he, 'I will buy this violin.'

"Tolma looked like a man that was slowly strangling. He hinted that it was a piece of entailed goods and wasn't his to let go. But the other fellow did not seem to follow him.

"'I will give one thousand dollars,' says he.

"Now I've seen men dumped, dazed and breathless, into the arms of despair by a single whirl of the roulette wheel, and I've noticed others so tanked up with various colored drinks that they had to kind of open a way for the progress of their thoughts; but for a clear and complete stoppage of mental machinery, Tolma, at that moment, had them beat to a fare-you-well. But the violinist thinks the whole thing is a stall.

"'I will give two thousand,' says he, a little louder. He waits a minute, showering glares on Tolma, then slams his fist down on the counter, 'I will make it *three* thousand!'

"He had out a bundle of money, ready to pay before the pawnbroker's almost tearful notes appeared to make him understand the situation. When he *did* understand, he grew alarming; he tossed his hair like a side-show Sampson and sparred all over the place. He demanded to know the owner's name and where he was to be found; but Tolma had, by this time, begun to gather in some fragments of his scattered wisdom, so he refused to give up. I could see him mentally dramatizing a scene in which a hungry man with a valuable violin got all the worst of it. But as he said nothing of this it was not for me to indulge in any remarks.

"He calmly allows to the musician, however, that the instrument is soaked for a big sum, and that it was not altogether according to etiquette to herald the owner's name about to any great extent. But he'd find out, so he said, when the party came in to pry loose the mortgage, and if the goods were on the market would let the gentleman know immediately. When I left, the musician was excitedly explaining just where he intended to give concerts for the following month, and Tolma was taking the dates down on a piece of paper.

"I meets the pawnbroker one night about a week later and he seemed jovial and elated, and had a bundle under his

arm. It was at a free-lunch counter; he had money, but he was a frugal soul, and it hurt him to part with it.

"'I've got that violin,' says he, 'and I wrote that fellow Girstman this morning that it was his at a price.'

"'How much did *you* give?' says I, and he looks less happy.

"'The fellow that owned it was a wiser plug than I thought,' says he; 'he knew all about the value of the thing and refused to sell at first at any price. He said he regarded the violin as his friend—the last he had. But I kept after him and kept adding to the price; and at last I landed him at the two thousand mark.'

"'And Girstman offered three,' says I. 'You've got a profit all right.'

"'He'll pay more than three,' says Tolma; 'I think it's worth five. Anyhow, I am going down to see that German that lodges in the same house you do. I hear he knows all about violins, and maybe he can give me a tip.'

"We walks down the street together. I was unlocking the door when the postman came along and handed me a letter; then I took Tolma up and introduced him to my friend the 'cellist. The Bavarian took the violin in his hand while I broke open my letter.

"'What!' laughs the 'cellist; this a

Cremona! It is a cigar box with a stick in it.'

"Tolma turns as yellow as the violin.

"'It's a Guarnerius,' says he; 'why, you must be daffy!'

"'A Guarnerius!' The German leaned back and rocked with pleasure. I had just got the drift of my letter and was also doing some rocking on my own account, while he continued:

"'Why, Guarnerius would not have burned such a thing in his stove. Look here.'



"I'VE GOT THAT VIOLIN," SAYS HE

"With a wrench he had the violin's back off, and staring us in the face was the legend: 'Made at Egg Harbor, N. J.'"

"'I have been gold-bricked!' gasps Tolma.

"'It looks like it,' says I; 'just listen to this,' and I reads my letter aloud:

"'To Bartholomew Scanlon, Esq.:

"'GREETINGS—He who speaks to you in this wise is the man of the yellow violin. I enclose you a one-dollar note which you kindly loaned me—it is the same one. For this, many thanks. I am departing from St. Joe with considerable speed, much content and two thousand dollars. A gentleman of foreign birth, whom you have met, using

the name of Girstman, bears me company. On the train we will cut equally in two the roll which once graced the jeans of Señor Tolma. He was so easy that it was almost a shame to take the money; but we needed it.

"'As our progenitors of ancient Rome were accustomed to say: "Vale!"

"'THE MAN WITH  
THE YELLOW VIOLIN.'

"Unless," concluded Bat, "Tolma has managed to convince some one that Josef Guarnerius at one time transacted business at Egg Harbor, N. J., he still holds the violin; and I am of the opinion that any interested person could buy it in at a considerable reduction."



"I HAVE BEEN GOLD-BRICKED!" GASPS TOLMA

# THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES "IMPERIALISM"

THE SIXTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "True Liberty Under Law" and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "Weakening the Republic"

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### MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

IT will not be necessary to discuss the illustrations given by Senator Beveridge except in so far as those illustrations are pertinent to the subject under consideration, and that subject is imperialism. Few Republicans have shown the courage that Senator Beveridge has in meeting the issue presented; most of them evade it. While the Filipinos were in arms they excused themselves from discussing the subject on the ground that they could not talk to people who had guns in their hands. When the Filipinos laid down their arms, these same persons declared that the matter was settled and that there was nothing to discuss. Even Senator Beveridge seems a little timid about taking hold of the real principle involved, and, so far as I know, it is the only question of which he has shown any fear whatever. He says: "So we see by practical examination of actual conditions in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and San Domingo that there not only is not, but never has been, an issue of imperialism, if by that term is meant the doing of something that we ought not to do. On the contrary, if by imperialism is meant the general policy of permanently holding and administer-

ing government in these various possessions, that, as I have pointed out, is so far in the future that it is not a subject for immediate or even early settlement." At no other question does he shy so, and if the question scares him, what a specter it must be to the Republican politicians who are less frank and candid in the statement of their opinion.

#### PERMANENT OCCUPANCY THE ISSUE

But, plucking up courage, he expresses his willingness to join issue "on a general policy of permanent occupation of these islands—Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico now; Cuba, if she again tries self-government, again fails and we are again compelled to intervene; and San Domingo—when the years demonstrate to us and the world that we can not get out of it if we would and ought not to get out if we could."

Here we have the bald proposition that colonialism is to be a permanent thing; that we are to hold what we now have, take Cuba if she makes one more effort at self-government and fails, and later San Domingo "if," and he clearly intimates that the failure of self-govern-

ment in both Cuba and San Domingo is to be not only expected, but even desired.

Before taking up colonialism as it presents itself in the case of the Philippines, let us consider for a moment Hawaii, Porto Rico and Cuba. In Hawaii a republic had been instituted and annexation asked for. There is some question about the extent of the uprising upon which the republic was built and about the disinterestedness of our nation's conduct, but as the people of Hawaii are apparently satisfied to be citizens of the United States, and as the islands are too small to support an independent government and too near to us for us to permit them to fall into the hands of a foreign government, the question presented is quite different from that presented by the Philippines. We can deal with Hawaii according to American principles and within the limits of our constitution. The same may be said of Porto Rico. The people of Porto Rico welcomed annexation, and they are so few in numbers that we can admit them to citizenship and give the island representation in congress without danger to our government. In the fullness of time Porto Rico can be prepared for statehood as our territories have been prepared. In the case of Cuba, we secured her independence, declaring at the time that we had no desire to annex her territory. We are now simply assisting her in the establishing of self-government. It is hardly fair to limit her attempts too strictly or to say that she shall have only one trial. If Cuba becomes a part of the American union, it ought to be with the consent of her people and with the understanding that they come in as citizens and not as subjects, and the same may be said of San Domingo or any other country that is added to ours. There is no objection to annexation when annexation is mutually desired and means the extension of our institutions, as well as our sovereignty. Expansion, where our government undergoes no change in its

character, is not imperialism. Imperialism is the name applied to a government where different forms of government are employed in the governing of different parts. England, for instance, is an empire. The people of England and Scotland live under one form of government, the people of Ireland live under a different form of government, the people of Canada, Australia and New Zealand live under a third form of government, and the people of India are subjected to a government based upon a still different theory. If the Philippine islands contained but a few people and they were near to us and wanted to come in, they would present a different problem, but the islands are not a part of the western hemisphere; they are close to the continent of Asia. The people are not few, but number something like eight millions; and they are opposed to annexation. They differ from us in race characteristics and in history, and the intercourse between our country and the islands is not intimate enough to give any assurance that they could be brought into harmonious coöperation with us. It would not be wise to admit the Filipinos to citizenship and erect their community into states. Their industrial conditions are so different from ours that they could not intelligently participate in the making of our laws, and we can not intelligently make theirs.

If they are to be held at all they are to be held as colonies, and a colonial policy is entirely inconsistent with the theory of our government. Our government is based upon the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and this doctrine is either true or false. If it is true, then we can not exercise a colonial policy and permanently administer over the Filipinos a government to which they object. To do so is inconsistent with our own theories, and we could not defend our colonial policy without attacking the basis upon which our own government



rests. We can not afford as a people to surrender our political principles, our political axioms and our position as a world teacher in order to adopt a colonial policy.

Senator Beveridge insists that "Every reason of history, nature and the character of our race supports this policy" (the policy of permanent occupation). He declares that "Throughout all ages administrative peoples have developed and have extended their customs and their cultures by the administration of government to less developed people." He finds a second reason "in the character of our race." He alleges that "The people of our blood and we ourselves have always been restless expansionists." A third: "We must have more foreign trade."

#### "LEST WE FORGET"

His reasons are not sufficient. Moral principles can not be so easily ignored. It is true that history has given us many illustrious examples of nations which have extended their governments over weaker nations, but history has also shown us the final overthrow of these conquering nations which substituted might for right and ignored the claims of justice—

"For the God who reigned over Babylon  
Is the God who is reigning yet."

Neither is it sufficient to say that servient nations have been helped by the dominant ones. Good comes out of everything. There is no doubt that the black race brought to this country by the slave-traders has advanced far beyond what it would have done had the slave-trader been unknown, and yet, back about a century ago, our people decided that the slave trade should be prohibited. There is no doubt that the man who came up from slavery is farther advanced than his collateral relatives who

remained in Africa, and yet public sentiment reached a point where slavery gave way to freedom.

It is true that there has been a good deal of the spirit of adventure in our race, and it is true that our ancestors have done many things that we will never attempt to justify. It is doubtless true that some good has often come from things wickedly designed, but we can not justify the doing of evil that good may come, nor can we excuse a criminal act on the ground that an overruling Providence will convert our sin into a blessing. If we have any tendencies to extend our possessions by ignoring the moral law, it is better to correct such tendencies than to encourage them. The doctrine that we just can not help doing wrong "because it is natural" is not considered a sufficient defense in court, and it should not be so considered among nations merely because there is no nation great enough to punish the nation that yields to an irresistible impulse to do evil.

#### "THE DARK APOLOGY FOR ERROR"

To be sure, it is called "destiny" when a nation does wrong, but destiny has been defined as "the dark apology for error." It is the plea of the weak, who, lacking the moral courage to withstand temptation, seek to load their sins upon the Almighty. The third reason is the real one. In presenting history and race characteristics the senator has simply fallen unconsciously into the use of terms which others have employed as a subterfuge, but in suggesting the expansion of our commerce as a reason for imperialism he is putting forth the argument which really has been most potential in the making of imperialists. But the purchase of trade with human blood, the sacrifice of rights and principles of government in order to obtain a market—what is this but putting the dollar above the man? It was Lincoln's boast

in 1854 that his party believed in both the dollar and the man, but that in case of conflict it believed in the man before the dollar. What would he say now if he could reply to Indiana's illustrious Republican senator, who justifies the bartering away of the fundamental principles of free government in order to make a market for our merchandise?

As a matter of fact, no argument is more unsubstantial than the trade argument. More than a century ago Franklin pointed out to the representatives of the English government that no one could justify the purchase of trade with blood, and that, as a matter of dollars and cents, trade purchased at the cannon's mouth was dearly bought. Our own experience proves that there is a financial loss in an attempt to extend our trade by force. We have not only been willing to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, but we have failed to get the pottage.

#### DENOUNCED BY LINCOLN

The senator gives us but one side of the account; he magnifies our trade and ignores the cost to us. We are appropriating for the army and navy more than one hundred millions a year in excess of our army and navy appropriations ten years ago. Our increased expenditures far exceed our increased trade, and *all* of the people pay the expenses, while a *few* get the benefit of the trade.

Senator Beveridge adopts the idea that capacity for self-government is not natural, but cultivated. He takes the position that because we are capable of self-government we should furnish government as an exported article to those not capable. That was not the doctrine of the Republican party when Abraham Lincoln was its leader. Lincoln expressly and emphatically denounced it, and Clay did before him. Kentucky's great commoner said that it would be a reflection upon the Almighty to assume that

He made people incapable of self-government and left them to be the victims of kings and emperors. I might paraphrase what Clay said, and suggest that it would be a reflection upon the Almighty to say that He created the Filipinos incapable of self-government and left them helpless until Spain found them, ruled them with a rod of iron for three centuries, and then sold them to us at two and a half dollars per head because of our superior capacity for government.

#### PIRACY ON A LARGE SCALE

The senator attempts to use the negro in the South as a shield to ward off the attacks of Democrats, but in so doing he betrays his lack of knowledge of the Democratic position. The suffrage qualifications were imposed, not because the colored man is incapable of self-government, but because he is not sufficiently advanced to govern the white race. Where the two races are thrown together, the question is not whether the black man is capable of self-government, but whether he is capable of administering a government under which both must live. In such cases the more advanced race, as a matter of self-preservation, fixes suffrage qualifications in order to protect its civilization. But Senator Beveridge overlooks the fact that the Democrats of the South show more consideration to the black man than the Republicans show to the brown men of the Orient.

In the first place, the suffrage qualifications of the South raise a temporary barrier to suffrage, and under all the amendments adopted some of the colored men now vote, and new voters are added year after year, but under a colonial policy the Filipinos are permanently barred from the rights of citizenship. On this point the black man of the South has a distinct advantage over the Filipino.

Second, the colored people of the South are protected by the constitution of the United States and by the constitutions of the various states, while the Filipinos have no constitutional protection. In this respect also the black man of the South has an advantage over the brown man of the Orient.

Third, the colored people of the South live under laws which the white people make for themselves. The Filipinos live under laws which we make for them, and under which we would not ourselves be willing to live. This is the real evil of a colonial policy, the evil which outweighs all others, and which can not be eradicated while colonialism survives. In this respect the black man of the South has an immeasurable advantage over the Filipinos. Is it not astonishing that the Republican party, which came into existence by championing the rights of the black man, should now be so indifferent to the rights of the brown man? And is it not strange that it should attempt to involve this government in the solution of a race question seven thousand miles away from home when the race question that we now have is so difficult of solution?

Senator Beveridge entirely ignores the fact that there is another element in human progress besides force. It is true that history is crimsoned by the blood which nations have shed in their at-

tempts to administer governments over subject people, but for centuries there has been a growing protest against the old theory that governments rest upon brute force. Great progress has already been made in the dissemination of the doctrine that governments are just only in proportion as they give expression to the will of the people, and in the movement to substitute this doctrine for the doctrine of kings and despots our nation has taken the lead. The doctrine of imperialism, as stated so clearly and defended so eloquently by Senator Beveridge, is the doctrine of piracy on a large scale. In some respects it is worse than piracy. The pirate took what he could find, and left; the imperialist takes what he can find, and stays. The pirate was a temporary affliction; imperialism is an enduring calamity. Piracy has at last been driven from the seas by the joint action of the nations; it is not too much to hope that the day will come when imperialism will follow piracy into oblivion and when self-government will spread throughout the world. Our nation is the natural leader in this movement for the establishment of free government. No amount of commercial advantage could justify us in following at the tail end of Europe's procession, and it would not pay us to do so if we were willing to endure the political and moral humiliation of such a course.

### SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

TO begin with, Mr. Bryan is wrong in his definition of "imperialism." The Encyclopedia Americana, which is the latest authoritative work, defines "imperialism" as:

"The national policy which tends toward the expansion of national dominion and national ideas over a geographical area wider than that of national boundaries. \* \* \* In the United States the

term 'imperialism' has been used in a more or less factitious sense. *The term 'imperialism' was employed as a POLITICAL CATCHWORD in the presidential campaign of 1900, especially with regard to the purchase of the Philippines.*"

So that what we are dealing with, according to this reliable definition of our most thorough scholars, is a "catchword," and a "political catchword" at

that. But not only is he in error in his use of the word "imperialism," but of the word "empire." He adopts the monarchical idea of this term. Why does he reject the idea of Jefferson, who repeatedly referred to our country as "our empire," as Washington did, and Madison, and all the "Fathers"? Even our Supreme Court, in determining fundamental questions, often speaks of "our empire."

So that, both from the scientific definition of the word, from its historical use by the founders of the Republic, from the human upliftment it has wrought and is now achieving, every lover of his fellow man must necessarily be for imperialism. It is only from the word "imperialism," used as a "political catchword," to quote the Encyclopedia Americana, that there is or has been any dissent. And that objection, small even in the beginning, has constantly diminished. You can not long fool the American people by fictions.

#### MR. BRYAN'S TWO REASONS

But let us get to the concrete matter of the debate—"the play's the thing." Mr. Bryan says that the Opposition approves of the American administration of government in Porto Rico because, first, "Porto Rico is too small to maintain an independent government without outside aid," and, second, "the island is so near to us that we could not afford to have her under the protection of any other country." The first of these reasons is not true. Consider Denmark, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Belgium—all very small countries. Yet all these countries "maintain an independent government without outside aid."

If the second reason is valid, the same thing applies to Jamaica, San Domingo, Vancouver Island, Newfoundland, etc. So that the *logic* of Mr. Bryan's two reasons for upholding American administration in Porto Rico makes him an even

more aggressive and full-blooded American expansionist than Theodore Roosevelt himself. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that if Mr. Bryan were president his "imperialism" would duplicate that of Thomas Jefferson, who thought that the Louisiana Purchase violated the Constitution, and actually wanted our fundamental law amended to give him the power to acquire from France this "imperial" dominion; and then went right ahead and took it anyhow without the amendment and, as he believed and said, without any constitutional power to take it.

Not only did Jefferson make the Louisiana Purchase believing that he had no power to do so, but he ruled it "without the consent of the governed" as autocratically as that other great Democrat, Jackson, ruled Florida without the consent of the governed, and, indeed, without anybody's consent. In the greatest acts of their lives these two splendid men were not Democrats or any other kind of partizans—they were Americans. This historical flashlight shows how absurd are mere word-doctrines which do not have their roots in the blood and purpose of the people.

So far as the *principle* involved is concerned, Mr. Bryan's two reasons for favoring American government in Porto Rico demolish his objections to American government in the Philippines. For, surely "inalienable rights" do not depend upon geography. If independence is the "inalienable right" of Filipinos, of course it is equally the "inalienable right" of Porto Ricans. Nor do "inalienable rights" depend upon numbers. If one million and a half people in Porto Rico have no "inalienable right" to independence (and Mr. Bryan says they are too few to "maintain an independent government"), why have eight million people in the Philippines an "inalienable right" to independence?

If the mere matter of numbers determines the ability of the people to

"maintain an independent government," and if, as Mr. Bryan says, the Porto Ricans are too few to "maintain an independent government," then many of the states should not exist. Nevada, for example, had only forty-two thousand people (in 1900), all told, of whom less than twelve thousand voted. Wyoming has only ninety-two thousand inhabitants; Idaho has but one hundred and sixty-one thousand; Montana, Utah, Colorado, each have fewer people than Porto Rico. On Mr. Bryan's theory nearly every one of the Central American governments ought to be extinguished.

Mr. Bryan says that, although we keep Porto Rico and govern it, we should not keep the Philippines and govern them, because "these islands have some eight millions of people"; but we have seen that the number of people have nothing to do with the question of whether or not we should govern them or they should govern themselves.

And "they are a part of another hemisphere," objects Mr. Bryan; but we have seen that neither distance nor location affects human rights, if human rights are involved. To admit that the circumstance of being in another hemisphere affects either the wisdom or principle of our administration is to declare that it would be both wise and right to take and govern the Philippines if they were any place in our own hemisphere—for example, if they were in the lower half of South America. Yet, by any method of travel, that part of our own hemisphere is farther away from us than are the Philippines.

But Mr. Bryan asserts that the Philippines are a "weakness to us." This is assertion, not proof—the proof is to the contrary. Witness the awful Boxer uprising which the civilized world had to suppress. We were able to speed American troops from the Philippines to the defense of the American Legation and American citizens as quickly as England

or even Japan sent their forces to rescue and save their people. If the Philippines had been a Russian possession, her fleet could have been gathered there to coal, dry-dock, and prepare to strike the enemy when and where she pleased. It is no answer to say that Japan would have taken the Philippines, because Japan was hardly able to take Port Arthur, and probably never would have taken it but for the incapacity of its commander and the demoralization of its garrison; and, as a matter of fact, Japan did not even take the poorly-defended Island of Saghalien.

#### PHILIPPINES A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

So, it is plain that the Philippines would not have been a "weakness," but, on the contrary, a strength to Russia in her war with Japan, and would have quadrupled the difficulties of the Mikado's army and navy in that great conflict. Why, then, is that archipelago a "weakness" and not a strength to us? Would the Philippines be a "weakness" and not a strength to Great Britain or Germany if either of those powers had them? If so, Singapore and the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong and the surrounding territory, Ceylon and India, Malta and Gibraltar, must, for the same reason, be a "weakness" to England. Ask any Englishman whether he thinks they are. Ask the cabinet of any government on earth whether it thinks these English possessions are a "weakness" to the British people.

Or take illustrations from our own dominions. Is Alaska a "weakness" to us? If not, why? since it is a long distance away and an "easy prey" to either Japan or England if the Philippines are an "easy prey" to those powers. Or take Hawaii. Is that group of islands a "weakness" to us? If they are, Mr. Bryan must favor leaving Hawaii. Does he?

So we see that the Philippines are



strategically one of our strongest points for military or naval operations in the Far East. We must fortify them, of course, and we will do that just as soon as we quit playing politics with world questions. The expense of fortifications, which is the objection that penny-wise statesmen make, is infinitesimal compared with the advantages which the Philippines, when fortified, give us throughout the Pacific and the Orient. And remember that as human activities were greatest in the Atlantic and the Occident yesterday, so they will be greatest in the Pacific and the Orient tomorrow. This is the consensus of every scientist and statesman of every country.

But Mr. Bryan says that "the possession of" the Philippines is "an aggravation to them." How much of an aggravation? As much as if Japan possessed them, or England, or Germany? As much as if they "possessed" themselves? And in this latter case, which part of them would "possess" the other party? Would the Tagals possess the Viscayans, the Moros and the other tribes? Yes, surely they would. And would that "aggravate" these tribes (whose members constitute the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Philippines) less than American possession and the too-mild government of this Republic aggravates them—assuming that our government "aggravates" them at all?

#### NOT SELFISH EXPLOITATION

And, having established their rule, which faction of the Tagals would then rule all the remainder of the Tagals? For it is sure they would be split up into factions—throat-cutting factions; witness Aguinaldo, Luna, and the other Tagal chieftains who were actually murdering one another even when kept together by warfare against the Americans. If they murdered one another when united by a common and armed opposition to the Americans, what would

they do to one another if there was no such bond of union?

Does Mr. Bryan think that the people of those islands would be less "aggravated" by butchery of one another than when at peaceful labor, enjoying equal, exact and universal justice, and nearly all the real fruits of liberty that we ourselves enjoy, which is their condition under the government of us imperialistic Americans? Considered in the light of what we have actually done and are doing, we Americans are not so terrible a people, and our "imperialism" not so awful a calamity as good but mistaken men who have not examined the facts would have us believe.

Again Mr. Bryan says: "The ocean which separates us from the Filipinos makes it as impossible for them to understand our domestic needs as for us to understand theirs." But the ocean does not "separate" us—it unites us. If there were land all the way between California and the Philippines, would that unite them to us more completely than we are now "separated" from them by this ocean? No; for it would take us nearly as long to go by train as it takes us now to go by ship; and no private capital would build such a railway. Besides, we would have to pass through many other countries unless we took all the land between America and the Philippines.

Invention has eliminated distance; Mr. Bryan, now the world's greatest traveler, knows this. To-day the Philippines are several weeks nearer to us than New Orleans was to Washington when Jefferson took that French city. As for understanding their domestic affairs, Mr. Bryan proves that he himself understands them by telling us what to do with them. Is it not strange that one of the foremost Americans of the century should declare that we Americans, who are admittedly the quickest and most adaptable people on earth, can not understand the needs of the Filipinos when

we understood instantly Cuban and even San Domingan needs?

Surely a few more days of water travel does not make it harder to understand the needs of one than the other. Has not England's administration of India demonstrated that the English understand the needs of the enormous population of that vast empire a good deal better than their native princes understood the people's needs before the English came; and can it be that Mr. Bryan contends that the English are a brighter, more practical and more adaptable people than we Americans? Oh, no! He is too good an American for that.

"We are brought face to face with the proposition whether we shall exploit the islands in our own interest or prepare them for independence," concludes Mr. Bryan. But what is "exploitation in our own interest"? One great need of the Philippines and of every other undeveloped country is capital. You can not mine and reduce the precious metals without capital; you can not fell trees, saw them into lumber and bring it to the world's market-place without capital; you can not clear and work plantations without capital. We ourselves can do none of these things without capital—even the Filipinos can not, superior to us though the Filipinos be.

Very well! Is furnishing this capital "exploiting the Philippines in our own interest"? Would common-sense laws, which permitted the money of enterprise to enter these islands, develop their resources and give their people employment, be exploitation? For example, next to certain regions of South America, the finest forests of hardwood lumber in the world are in the Philippines. For the care and preservation of these forests we have established an excellent Forestry Service; so that our forests in the Philippines can not be destroyed by rapacious millionaires, as were the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin, nor desperately threatened as were the for-

ests of our western and northwestern states. Hereafter these forests here at home, which Theodoré Roosevelt has succeeded in rescuing and preserving, will furnish a steady yield of lumber to healthful and honest commerce in that article.

#### PRESERVING THE ISLANDS' WEALTH

This is even more true of the priceless forests of the Philippines. Under our American administration no "exploiter" can lay waste thousands of square miles of that noble timber, to the ruin for hundreds of years of the land on which these trees stood. But capital can enter and cut, saw and market trees ripe for the cutting under government regulations which preserve and perpetually renew the forest itself. Is this "exploitation in our own interest"? Is it not rather development—wise, safe, honest development? And does Mr. Bryan or anybody else think that these saving provisions would have been made by any Filipino oligarchy ruling the islands? Does not everybody know that the corrupt native cabals, which would have successively oppressed the Philippines if we had left them to themselves, would have lined their pockets with the price of "concessions," and that the "concessionaires" would have wrought havoc not only with the forests but with the other resources of the archipelago?

Our Forest Service in the Philippines is the best illustration of our care for the preservation of the natural wealth of those islands. In other instances, instead of permitting their "exploitation for our own interest," we have gone to the other extreme. Our land laws are absurd in their lack of common sense; this because we have "played politics" with that purely practical and scientific subject. For example, we have forbidden any man or corporation to hold and operate a plantation of more than five thousand acres, and have carefully prevented two

or more plantations from being joined under one management. We have adopted a land policy of small holdings for the natives, just as though these tropical islands were like the farms of Nebraska and these Malay natives were like New England husbandmen.

The result is that capital has refused to go into agriculture in the Philippines, for the conclusive reason that a tropical plantation so small can not be profitably worked. The Philippine commission recommends that this five thousand acres be increased to at least twenty-five thousand acres; and it would be far better if the maximum were made fifty thousand acres, because plantations of that size can be operated with a fair chance of some return on the investment, and a smaller plantation can be operated only upon a certainty of loss. Such plantations would mean steady work for the natives in an employment for which they are fitted, good wages, opportunities for education and a constantly, if slowly, growing surplus of wealth in the hands of an industrious people.

#### GOOD LAWS, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Beyond doubt we will so amend the law at an early session of Congress. Our present ridiculous limitations were made by timid politicians partly on abstract theory, but largely for campaign purposes. These gentlemen underestimated the intelligence of the American people and believed the old-style stump-speech, full of "political catchwords," to again quote the *Encyclopedia Americana*, more effective with the American voter than plain facts and hard sense. But this period is passing because congressmen and senators are beginning to learn that the common people of this republic have high purpose, accurate information and good sense. The day of the catchword orator has gone forever.

An example of our progress in common sense legislation is the law passed

at the last session of Congress, establishing a Philippine agricultural bank on the model of the Egyptian agricultural bank. Perhaps no single page of financial history is so brilliant and beautiful as that which tells of the miraculous work accomplished for the material welfare of the farmers of Egypt by the Egyptian agricultural bank. Our Philippine agricultural bank will perform a like service for the Filipinos. It loans money to the Filipino farmer, and to no one else, at a small interest and easy payments upon exclusively agricultural security. Is there in this any evidence of "exploiting the islands in our own interest"?

The truth is that as the years pass and "stump-speech politics" is eliminated from our Philippine legislation, the benefits of American administration to both the Filipinos and ourselves will become so increasingly great and plainly manifest that neither we nor the Filipinos would separate if we could, and could not separate if we would. A hundred years from now the objections to American administration in the Philippines will appear as laughable as the even more fervid opposition to the Louisiana Purchase as voiced by Quincy, of Massachusetts, on the floor of Congress, or the still fiercer objection to our annexation of Texas and our entire Mexican conquest, as uttered by Corwin, of Ohio.

Mr. Bryan harks back to the independence of the Philippines secured by a protectorate, but I showed in my previous paper how absolutely certain and swift the failure of such a protectorate would be. Mr. Bryan's new idea of bolstering up our protectorate by making with other nations a treaty of non-interference would amount in practical working to an international protectorate. Yet such a protectorate is equally open to the fatal objections to which an American protectorate is open. For example, if the independent Philippine government defaulted in its bonds, would the

treaty provide that each power signing the treaty should pay an equal amount of those bonds in order to keep the power which held the bonds from taking possession of the islands to indemnify itself? Or would the treaty provide that none of the powers signing it should buy these Philippine bonds or permit their moneyed men to buy them? If so, the money markets of the world would be closed to this independent Philippine government, and it would find itself at its very birth without any money on which to run—for no government of any kind can run without money. One of these alternatives the treaty would have to provide for, or we would find the nation which held the Philippine bonds compelled to take the islands to satisfy the debt.

But suppose this was not so; suppose this new Philippine government could get along without money. Other inevitable difficulties which instantly suggest themselves (such, for example, as local insurrections, contending factions each claiming to be both the *de jure* and *de facto* "government," etc., etc.) would compel constant interference by the treaty-making powers. This would mean, as I have pointed out, an international protectorate. And what would this surely result in? This: either the speedy abandonment of the international arrangement by all the powers to it except one, and the possession and government of the islands by that one (witness in proof the joint arrangement of England, Germany and France in the Samoan islands); or else an international warfare among these great powers as to which one of them should administer the islands, or as to what should be done if neither of them should administer the islands. The confusion and probable bloody results of this arrangement are so plain that it is hard for me to understand how so clear and able a thinker as is the great leader of the Opposition ever could have suggested it. Are we not justified

in concluding that he never would have done so had he not become mentally committed to "political catchwords," which have not the slightest application to the subject in hand, which were lifted out of sentences framed a hundred years ago for conditions as different from those now before us as the ocean is unlike the land.

#### LET'S NOT STUMBLE THIS TIME

But, declares the Opposition through the mouth of its brilliant spokesman, let us treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans. Very well! Suppose we had done just that—what then? We would have established government in the Philippines as we did in Cuba; the Filipinos would have destroyed it as the Cubans destroyed theirs; we would have been compelled to return and do it all over again as we are doing in Cuba. We know for a certainty that we would have had to do this at least once, since we have had to do it in Cuba once. In the Philippines we probably would have had to do it several times. How does that strike the good sense of the hard-headed, practical, conscientious American people? Who does not now see what was clear to every careful thinker at the time of the Spanish War, that it would have been far better for Cuba and for us had the American flag remained in Cuba and had we fulfilled the dearest dream of Jefferson's life, which was the establishment of American government over Cuba?

Now we are going to do once more in Cuba the matchless work which we did there after the Spanish War and before we hauled down our flag and came away; and having done this work over again, we are going to "give the Cubans another chance to govern themselves." We know in advance, of course, that they will again tear down the government that we build for them, and that once more we will be forced to return.



But when we do return the third time we will stay forever. If brave but impractical idealists, like Mr. Bryan, and cowardly, ignorant politicians like many active persons in both parties, think that the American people are going to "back and fill" forever with this Cuban question, they little understand this determined, high-purposed, practical nation. The American people are not triflers. Pretty soon we will settle down to the actual permanent government, not only of Porto Rico and the Philippines, but of Cuba as well. A shilly-shally policy is un-American.

#### JEFFERSON—EMPIRE BUILDER

Mr. Bryan says that "imperialism" can not be defended without attacking our form of government. But Jefferson said of our form of government: "No constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for *extensive empire* and self-government." Jefferson, by the way, was the first great expansionist. Jefferson wanted Cuba. Jefferson wanted Canada. *Jefferson wanted all South America.* Of the South American countries Jefferson said, in 1786:

"My fear is that they (the people of South America) are too feeble to hold them (the South American countries) till our population can be sufficiently advanced to gain it (South America) *from them piece by piece.*"

Again, in 1801, Jefferson said:

"However our present interests may restrain us within our own limits, it is impossible not to look forward to distant times when our rapid multiplication *will expand itself beyond those limits and cover the whole northern, if not the southern continent.*"

How is that for imperialism? Mr. Bryan and the Opposition to expansion quote Mr. Jefferson so much that I cite these few of his many utterances concerning expansion just to show how the Opposition unintentionally misinterpret

that great statesman. The truth is that the further Jefferson got away from Rousseau and the doctrines he absorbed while in Paris during the Revolution, the saner became his views and the sounder his Americanism.

We have been practising imperialism in our island possessions for eight years just as we practised imperialism throughout our whole expanding history. Yet our republican institutions grow stronger every day. This simple fact, familiar to every schoolboy and to the political experience of every citizen, refutes the anti-imperialistic claim that imperialism means the death of our institutions.

Mr. Bryan tells us, though this time rather feebly, that we are in some way impairing "liberty." But we note that the Filipinos are enjoying more liberty, both real and theoretical, under American administration than any Oriental people ever heard of—a good deal more, in fact, than they seem to know what to do with. It is intimated that we are destroying "liberty" by determining for ourselves how much "liberty" the Filipinos should have, instead of letting the Filipinos themselves determine how much "liberty" they should have. This, of course, is a word-argument about words. Consider our own American Indians, from whom we took the whole American continent. Logically, Mr. Bryan ought to advocate our abandonment of this country to the descendants of those from whom we took it; but it is not fair to ask this, because it is not practical.

So, in passing by this rigidly logical conclusion from Mr. Bryan's premises, let us come to our government of the Indians at present and throughout our history. Everybody knows that we have given the Indians only as much government as we thought good for them, and that they are a great deal better off for such treatment. They are actually increasing in numbers; accumulating some



little wealth; slowly and painfully getting knowledge of systematic labor and its beneficent meaning. But if we had let them go as they pleased, there would not be an Indian alive to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the ruthless white man would have exterminated them.

"Consent of the governed!" The "fathers' intentions!" Does "consent of the governed" apply to everybody? Did the "fathers" think so? The Declaration, which contains that phrase, was written by a man who at that very moment owned slaves; it was signed by men a large part of whom at that moment owned slaves. So was our Constitution, which definitely recognized slavery. Clearly the "fathers" did not think that the "consent of the governed" applied to everybody, because they not only governed without the "consent of the governed," but actually *owned* human beings as *chattels*. So we see that we have progressed in actual liberty far beyond the conception of the "fathers." (Upon the abstract proposition of governing "without the consent of the governed," how does Mr. Bryan justify our government, without their consent, of some millions of young Americans who are twenty years and eleven months old? Or, still worse, how does he justify our government, without their consent, of some tens of millions of American women?)

Liberty is not a word. It does not abide in constitutions or laws. Liberty is a spirit whose home is the breasts of the people—a spirit growing ever stronger and purer, working out by practical methods, by the common sense of the American people as they meet successive situations, an ever larger human happiness for themselves and for all peoples over whom their flag is unfurled.

Mr. Bryan declares that the Filipinos understand Filipino needs better than we do or can. I do not think so poorly of the intellect of the American people,

on the one hand, or so highly of the intellect of the Filipino people, on the other hand. You might as well say that a child understands its needs and knows what is best for its future welfare better than its parents. But if the Filipinos understand their needs better than we do, then we must admit that the American Indians understood their needs better than we understood them; and yet we have seen that such a theory put into practice would have meant their extermination. If the Filipinos understand their needs better than we do, so did the natives of Alaska; yet we governed them without their consent—was that wrong? We governed without their consent the French of New Orleans—was that wrong? And the French of New Orleans, mind you, were even more cultured than we were ourselves. Is it possible that all of our history has been a mistake; that every act of our race, from the landing at Plymouth Rock and the settlement at Jamestown, has been a succession of infamies?

#### WHAT HAS BECOME OF "MILITARISM"?

*But the most significant thing about Mr. Bryan's present attack on "imperialism" is the fact that he and the Opposition are absolutely silent on certain objections which only yesterday were their loudest war cries.* WHY THIS

ABANDONMENT? Why, for example, do we hear nothing more about "militarism"? Only yesterday we were told that taking and governing our "imperial" possessions meant "militarism." We were entering, they said, upon that policy which in Europe burdens the people with vast standing armies. The cannon of a ruthless soldiery were soon to be at our doors, their bayonets at our throats.

But we pointed out that the standing army of Germany was not caused by her colonial policy, because she had a relatively greater standing army before she had colonies; that the true cause of her

standing army was her location and historic antagonisms—France on one side, Russia on the other, etc.; and that the same was true of France, Russia, Austria and other military powers. We pointed out the fact that England, which has more colonial possessions than all European nations put together, has a far smaller standing army than any European nation—smaller even than Spain; and that an almost absurdly small fraction of English soldiers are stationed in her possessions.

#### WE WEAR OUR ARMS WITH A DIFFERENCE

We pointed out the further fact that we have actually decreased our army since we took our possessions, and that such troops as we do have, or ever will or can have, are American boys, coming from American homes, every one of them marching propagandists of liberty, instead of the murderers of freedom that the anti-imperialists pictured them to be. We showed that even during active warfare in the Philippines, as soon as American troops had taken a Filipino town, instead of burning the people's homes and slaying their inmates, some American soldier, who was a school teacher when he enlisted, was detailed to establish a school and teach Filipino children. So, after all, I am not surprised that the Opposition says nothing more about "militarism."

Then, too, the "decay-of-our-own-liberties" war cry is no longer sounded. Everybody remembers how loudly we were warned that "imperialism" meant the death of our American liberty here at home. Some people were scared at first; but we called attention to the fact that English liberty has grown more since Great Britain finally developed her present colonial policy than in all of the centuries that had gone before; that French expansion has been coincident with the ever-increasing stability of the French Republic and the individual

freedom of the French citizen; that the progress of popular rights in Germany has advanced as rapidly as German colonization itself; that Italian liberty has borne more fruit since Italy became centralized into one nation and began her expansion over sea than that remarkable people ever have known since the days of the Roman Republic; that we ourselves are taking more interest in asserting the rights of the people as against the privileges of "interests" than we have taken since Jackson's day—(for it is a literal fact that the individual American is having more to say about our government at the beginning of the twentieth century than he had at the end of the eighteenth century, when the Republic was founded). With all these historical facts and with all this contemporary experience before them, the American people began to laugh at the assertion that "imperialism" was "ending our own liberties here at home." No wonder that the Opposition is not even whispering that war cry which formerly was sounded in such trumpet tones.

#### THEY PAY THEIR OWN WAY

The specter of the "expense of governing colonies" has also been laid at rest. Yet only yesterday they *proved* to us that imperialism would bankrupt us. Certain anti-imperialist statisticians demonstrated this by long columns of figures. But these figures vanished before the fact that neither the Philippines nor Porto Rico cost us a single dollar to govern. They pay their own way. The expense of our troops stationed in the islands is no greater than it would be if we kept them at home; the cost of their transportation no larger than their railroad fare when moved from station to station in this country. And our standing army is no larger by a single officer or private than it would be if we did not have a foot of island possessions anywhere on earth. So Mr. Bryan is wise in

not producing the expense-and-bankruptcy argument.

He does say that our American administrators in the Philippines are paid too much, and that this is wrong to the Filipinos. But when Mr. Bryan thinks about it, he will see that it would have been better not to have made this point; because Aguinaldo alone was to have received a salary greater than the combined salaries of the entire Philippine Commission. The experience of certain Central and South American "governments" shows that the cost of American administration in the Philippines is a trifling fraction of what a native "government" would have wrung from the people. Our administrators in the Philippines are paid far less than any other like officials in the world; with few exceptions they are accomplished and devoted men who could earn a great deal more money right here at home; and nearly all of them are inspired with the high purpose of taking part in a historic work far more than by motives of gain.

No! the American people are all right. They are getting along very well—making mistakes, of course, because they are human—but still getting along

better, speaking by and large, than any other people of which history has written its chronicle. You can not scare the American people with any bogus menace. When any *real* menace confronts them they demolish it. But they are too busy for stuffed-with-straw scarecrows.

This final word: If anybody thinks that we are going to be a nation of shirks, I advise him to consult the American pulpit. Let him instruct himself in the missionary spirit of this Christian people. Let him ask the millions of young American Christian men and women, members of Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavors, Knights of Columbus, what they think of the proposition to surrender to a non-Christian power the millions of human beings which Providence has entrusted to our care. This whole world is going to be civilized and saved. All mankind will be Christianized and redeemed. The prophet's vision of the stone cut by hands unseen from the mountainside rolling on till it fills the earth with its glory will be realized. And the American people will be a part of that inspired dream, and not an obstruction to its fulfillment.

[THE SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE IS "LABOR."]

## AN INCOMPLETE EXPERIMENT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"THE only question now is—how will he take it?"

The old lawyer muttered the words aloud as he placed the last of his papers in his rusty bag and glanced with undecided mind toward his overcoat. It was spring, yet spring winds are sometimes treacherous; while, on the other hand, to be overcareful is a sign of age to be dispensed with as long as possible. He crossed the room to the open window, where lay Solomon, the office cat. Solomon had no fear of draughts and was much interested in a robin, a fat and comely robin, house-hunting in the back-yard cherry-tree. The lawyer patted the sleek back thoughtfully.

"I wonder how he will take it, Solomon? You and I are observers. You after your kind, I after mine. You do not watch that fluttering bird with more interest than I watch the folk around me. How else would life in a half-dead town like this be made supportable? Picture to yourself a future without the cherry-tree and the birds, Solomon, and you have my future without the consolations of observation. Though, I hope," he added hastily, as the cat with silky grace edged himself a little nearer to the robin, "I hope my observations may boast a more benevolent intent."

He waved his handkerchief with a warning "Shoo!" and the bird flew away.

"If you had caught that bird, Solomon," he remarked gravely, "you would have been sorry. Your fun would have been over. My fun will be over when I have told Charles Ruby my news and have seen how he takes it. But it will be most interesting. You see I have never had the opportunity of observing any one who possessed a million, nor any one who expected to possess a mil-

lion, nor any one who had once possessed a million. How, then, can I deduce the probable actions of the man to whom I am to convey the tidings that he has suddenly become a millionaire?

"You say I know the man. I do, Solomon, and I don't—that, after all, is the way we know everybody. Granted that I know Charles Ruby to be a man who would give away his coat—a million is not as easy to give away as a coat. Granted that he has never seemed to care much for a dollar—is it not possible that he may hold a million dollars in affectionate regard? I wonder—"

He popped his wonder into the faded bag along with a last stray paper, and, ignoring the overcoat, set out briskly for the office of the object of his wonderment.

Charles Ruby was working. He was a chartered accountant and was kept fairly busy. He looked up cheerfully as the lawyer entered.

"Hello, Riddle! Have a chair. Just wait till I balance this. Lovely day, isn't it? Quite like spring. Help yourself to a cigar."

The old lawyer sat down and selected a cigar with discrimination.

"Good cigars to be left loose in the office, Ruby," he remarked judicially.

"What? Oh—well, a fellow couldn't offer a poor one, could he?"

"It would be a wrench, Charles, a wrench; yet I have known men who had the courage to do it. Will you be long? I have something to talk to you about."

The young man twisted his chair around.

"Yes? Well, I'm through. I am quitting early anyway. I thought I would take Mrs. Ruby and the children for a drive. The air is so warm, I expect it will be an early spring."

"The cherry-tree in the back-yard is coming out," said the lawyer, "but I have observed that it is just three days later than it was last year. I am afraid you are an optimist, Charles."

He began to take the papers out of his bag. "I did not know," he added irrelevantly, "that you owned a horse and rig."

Charles Ruby laughed. "I don't," he assured him. "Why should I when I can have my choice of a hundred by simply taking the trouble to step down to the livery?"

"And paying for it!"

"Why, man, where would the fun come in if I didn't have to pay for it? What's money for, anyway—the fun of getting and the fun of spending and the fun of never having quite enough and looking forward to getting it?"

The lawyer arranged his papers on the desk.

"Some people," he remarked dryly, "have money without having had to get it and with no reasonable expectation of ever having to get more. Yet these people seem to be having a fairly good time."

"Sham!" said the young man cheerfully, "all sham. It can't be done. I am convinced that they are miserable wretches."

The lawyer laughed. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Well, well," he said, "that's as it may be; as a student of human nature I—I haven't made up my mind yet. But if not having enough is one of your pleasures, Charles, I am afraid I am going to bring bad news. You—er—as a matter of fact, you have had some money left you."

The interest on the young man's face brightened to surprise, then to pleasure.

"You don't say! Well, that's good! Who left it? Are you sure I'm the right man?"

The lawyer selected a paper and assumed his legal face.

"What relation are you to Charles Everett Ruby?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Was he the party? There are lots of Rubys—perhaps I'm not the man—though it *sounds* like an uncle."

"A great-uncle," explained the lawyer. "He has left you his entire estate—and his estate amounts to—er—to a large sum." The lawyer was in no hurry.

"He is dead then?" said Ruby more soberly. "I suppose it would be affectation to pretend sorrow. Rather tough to have to leave your money to a man who doesn't know of your existence! I wonder what the amount will be. You don't suppose," hopefully, "that it would be enough to buy a house!"

"It is something over a million."

This was the lawyer's moment! His keen old eyes fastened themselves upon the young and eager face. But the study of human nature was destined to be interrupted. There was a sturdy kicking and a shrill call from the closed door.

"Daddy! Daddy!"

The subject under observation smiled and crossed over to the window.

"What is it, son?"

"Ain't we going with the horse-gees, daddy?"

"Not to-night. I'm busy—tell mother I may be late."

When he faced the lawyer again his face was merely troubled.

"You know what you are talking about, of course?" he said. "It isn't a mistake—or a joke?"

"No." The lawyer snapped a little, for he felt defrauded. He made a sign toward the desk. "The papers are here."

Ruby made no motion to pick them up.

"Let them stay. They won't help me to realize what you tell me. Great Scott! A million! I—don't want it."

The lawyer looked politely away. The other surveyed him gloomily.

"You don't believe it! Of course not! You think every one wants a million."



But the fact is that very few who haven't got it have taken the trouble to figure out just what its possession would mean to them. I have. I don't want it. What I wanted was a few thousand to buy a house." He gave the lawyer the look of a disappointed child.

"You can buy half a dozen houses."

"That's it! And where is all the pleasure that I was going to take in my own house?"

"Multiplied by six, naturally."

"Divided by six—naturally—and no remainder. I shan't have half a dozen houses."

The lawyer thought a moment. Then, "You might give the other five away," he suggested kindly.

"I might—but I doubt it. They wouldn't let themselves be given away. I knew in my soul that those houses would get a grip on me. My great-uncle didn't, by any chance, enclose a curse in his will, did he?"

The lawyer, who was deep in psychological study, did not answer.

"Because," went on Ruby, "he needn't have bothered, it was sure to come anyway. That is, unless—" he sank into a brown study.

The silence lasted so long that the lawyer's patience displayed raveled edges. He began to unfold the papers.

"Don't do that!" said Ruby irritably. "I'll take your word for them. But I've got to think this thing out. I'll do something. I won't let that money down me if I can help it. If Mammon is a god, then I'll put up a fight against the gods and we'll see who'll win out. In the meantime I don't want this thing to leak out. No one knows but you as yet?"

"I have told no one."

"Well, don't. And say, Riddle, you'll act for me? I'll need a lawyer, you know."

The other nodded. "You're not thinking of doing anything in a hurry, Charles?" he asked uneasily. "To tell the truth, your reception of the news

has been even more interesting than I had hoped. My expectations have been surpassed—surpassed!"

"Oh, drop it! I don't want to be dissected. It's simple enough. I haven't come to where I am without making up my mind what I want from life. As it was, I stood a good chance of getting it; but I can't see how this white elephant is going to help me. I must think it over."

"There are—others?" suggested the lawyer delicately.

"Bless you—yes. Do you think my happiness doesn't mean Hester's first—hers and the children's?" He paused a moment and turned his face away. "It was of them I have been thinking all along," he said.

The lawyer did not ask what he meant. Instead, he spoke cheerily.

"You say you stand a chance of getting what you want from life, Charles—don't let it go. Not many men can say they have it—or else they make a point of wanting only the things they can't get. I am an observer—I know. Do as you think best. Good night."

When the lawyer had left him, Ruby examined the papers, then he tipped back his chair and watched the late afternoon fade into dusk and the dusk darken into deeper twilight.

He reached home somewhat late and without his overcoat.

"Oh, Charlie!" said his wife, "it isn't warm enough yet to go without an overcoat."

"I know it isn't," he answered, "but the man I gave it to didn't have another one at home."

"Neither have you," said Mrs. Ruby quietly.

"Now, Hester, don't scold. I don't think I ever before fully appreciated how blessed it is to give what you need yourself."

"I never expect to appreciate it," said Mrs. Ruby. She was making a spring wrap for the baby. Her husband laughed.



"GREAT SCOTT! A MILLION! I—DON'T WANT IT!"

"What will you give me for some news?" he asked. Mrs. Ruby kissed him daintily. She did it with the air of a child who knows that it must say "Please" prettily and has got over minding it. Her husband kissed her heartily in return. "It's good news," he added. "Do you feel as if you can stand some good news?"

Mrs. Ruby raised her pretty, rather pathetic-looking eyes to his face and nodded.

"Well, then, Great-uncle Charles Everett Ruby is dead."

"I can stand *that*," she said. But now there was expectation as well as pathos in her eyes.

"He has left us some money, Hester! He has left us five—thousand—dollars!"

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Yes, isn't it too bully? Just think, we can buy our house, *our* house, you know, the one on the corner of Parker Street."

"Oh, yes—with the big hall and the fireplaces and the yard for the children to play in."

"We can get it for three thousand

cash. That leaves two thousand—and we'll blow it all in. There'll be improvements and repairs and furnishings. You'll like doing the furnishing act, Hester?"

Mrs. Ruby had dropped the baby's jacket and a soft, pretty color glowed in her cheeks.

"Won't I! But I'll have to run down to the city, Charlie. They haven't anything worth while here."

"Well, we'll see. We really ought to patronize our own town, you know. Do you think you can stand some more good news?"

Mrs. Ruby's gesture intimated that she was quite equal to all the good news that was going.

"Lawyer Riddle was in to-day. He is going to put some good things in my way. We are going to have the management of a somewhat large estate. It will mean a good thing for me."

"How nice! Is the owner dead?"

"Dead! No. He'll have a finger in the pie, of course, but there will be no end of work. The estate is to be largely used for—benevolent purposes."

"Oh—I suppose he's rich himself."

"He has all he wants, of course."

Mrs. Ruby sighed. "It must be nice," she said.

"We are going to see how nice it is. When we get that house and enough money coming in to run it easily and better things ahead I—well, I wouldn't call the queen my aunt!"

Mrs. Ruby looked thoughtful.

"I don't see why you shouldn't succeed," she said, "I always expected that you would. Look at John Whitney—they say he's worth a hundred thousand dollars. He had no better start than you."

Charles Ruby looked at his wife somewhat blankly. She was a little ethereal, flower-like woman with pathetic eyes and spiritual expression. He was always puzzled when she spoke like this. Surely she did not wish him to be a man like John Whitney! Then he decided that she was trying to look at things from a man's viewpoint. "No wonder she gets the values mixed, poor darling," he thought.

"You will need a hired girl, of course," he told her. "Perhaps two."

"I could do very well with a girl," said Mrs. Ruby placidly. She had picked up her work again. "But if we have two the Parker Street house will be quite too small."

"Too small!" he echoed.

"For two girls," said Mrs. Ruby calmly.

Her husband rose and walked to the window. When he turned to her again there was a certain gay yet stern decision in his face.

"Then we shall get along splendidly with one girl," he said.

They had a happy tea that night, a happy evening afterward, and when Mrs. Ruby at last fell asleep it was to dream of furnishing a "boudoir" in the new house. As for her husband's dreams, they were different, but not less happy, though even in his sleep there was a certain gay yet stern deter-

mination about the lines of his close-set mouth.

"You tell me a most astonishing story, Mr. Riddle," said the Reverend Archibald Melvin. As he spoke he glanced with obvious uneasiness toward the lawyer's door. The door was slightly open, giving a clear view of the stairs beyond; there was no one on the stairs, and it seemed that the minister drew a breath of relief. "A fantastic story," he continued. "I had almost said an impossible story, Mr. Riddle."

The lawyer laughed shortly.

"Not impossible, since we are face to face with very possible and very disturbing consequences," said he. "Mrs. Ruby will be here shortly, and she'll have to be told. I thought, perhaps, you might like to be the one to tell her," he added blandly.

The minister waved a deprecating hand.

"No, no. Not at all. This is distinctly a lawyer's business, my friend."

The other grinned.

"Well, I wanted the moral support of your presence, anyway," he answered. "I have never had very much to do with women. She may have hysterics! What do you do with 'em when they have hysterics?—a minister ought to know."

"I trust she will not have hysterics," said the minister nervously. "But it will be a shock—a shock! I don't know what Charles could have been thinking of. I have always looked upon Charles as a most considerate man. I can't understand him at all in this matter, I must say."

"I did not understand him, either," said the lawyer, "but I am sure that he understood himself. It was his way to take his own line. He was always *sure*. Doubtless he would have arranged things in some way if he had had—ahem!—any warning. He could hardly foresee the railway accident, you know."

"No, oh, no, certainly not. As you



"YOU TELL ME A MOST ASTONISHING STORY, MR. RIDDLE,"  
SAID THE REVEREND ARCHIBALD MELVIN

say, the ways of Providence are not revealed to us. Still—it was two years ago, you say, that he inherited? Surely in that time he might have informed his friends and"—with another timid glance toward the door—"his wife."

"I've explained it as well as I can," said the lawyer wearily. "I never quite understood his attitude myself. He didn't want the money; he believed that it would not be for his happiness, nor for his family's happiness. From the very first he bound me to secrecy and administered the estate precisely as he would have administered the estate of another man. He paid himself a good salary, which he intended gradually to increase as time went on. He bought himself a pleasant home. His wife had a servant. After the first year he allowed himself a horse and carriage, so that she and the children could drive themselves about. I heard Mrs. Ruby say lately that Charlie expected to let them have a season at the sea this summer—if business kept up."

The minister polished his glasses on his spotless handkerchief. The lawyer

tapped his fingers on the desk and whistled softly.

"And he was a millionaire," said the minister reflectively.

"Let us say he was a happy man" amended the lawyer.

Again there was a little silence in the room. A door below slammed sharply, and the minister jumped.

"That's not she," reassured the lawyer. "She is always late."

The minister cleared his throat.

"I understand," he said, "that she has no inkling of—"

"None at all," cheerfully. "We've got to tell her the whole thing."

"You have to tell her, you mean."

"Well, you're to be accessory before, after and during the fact. You are her spiritual adviser, you know."

The minister adjusted his glasses.

"Riddle," he remarked irrelevantly, "why do you dislike Mrs. Ruby?"

The lawyer started, but quickly recovered himself.

"Why do you?" he asked composedly.

The lawyer's eye met the eye of the minister, and the minister's eye fell.

"We will not discuss it," said the Reverend Mr. Melvin meekly. But the lawyer brushed his protest away.

"Why not? We both know we don't like her. It's quite simple. Neither you nor I have ever seen what Charles saw. To Charles she was the one woman. To us she seems merely a doll, a pretty doll. Though," thoughtfully, "there have been times when I have doubted the doll theory."

The two men exchanged a look of understanding.

"She is too clever for a doll," was the minister's comment. "Do you think," he went on, "that Charles—since you have told me of his singular action I have wondered—"

"If it was there that he feared the effect of the golden shower?" interrupted the lawyer. "It may be so, but I think not. I do not think that he ever separated her from himself. He did what he thought was for the best happiness of them all. It would not occur to him, I think, to recognize in her a lesser nature than his own."

"Then we may be worrying ourselves unnecessarily."

"I am merely telling you what he thought. Personally, I do not like Mrs. Ruby. If I could just think of it, there is a word that describes my idea of her—"

"Hush!" warned the minister.

She was coming now. The outer door had opened and closed; there was a faint rustle of skirts on the stair, and an odor of violets. The lawyer rose hastily. "I must get the papers!" he said, and beat a conscious retreat into the inner room. The minister rose as if to follow, but he was too late. A silvery voice detained him.

"Oh, Mr. Melvin, how do you do? Is not Mr. Riddle in? I know I am a trifle late, but—" The sweet but slightly querulous tone held a note of ill-usage. The minister made haste to explain.

"He is in, Mrs. Ruby. Sit here. He

will be with you in a moment. I think you will find this chair comfortable."

The young widow sank gracefully into the offered chair. She was very pretty in her deep black, for weeds, though necessary, are not necessarily unbecoming. Her hair was very yellow, her eyes very blue, and the pathetic look that distinguished them was more charmingly potent than ever.

"A beautiful day," began the minister manfully. "There is a feeling of spring in the air."

The pathetic eyes looked away through the open window and back again. They were very beautiful through their mist of tears, and the unhappy minister immediately felt like a brute beast for having mentioned spring to one upon whose heart winter was supposed to have settled down to stay. He quite forgot that he considered Mrs. Ruby a doll.

"My dear Hester," said the good man, "my poor child!"

Mrs. Ruby raised her handkerchief and quietly dried her eyes.

"I was thinking of Charlie," she said simply. "He loved the spring."

The old man patted her graceful shoulder. "Don't think too much," he said. "It does no good to brood. Take the little ones and go away for a bit."

"Yes? I may if there is enough money." The eyes filled again. "He was going to take us to the sea this summer—if he could manage it. He thought he could. He was getting on so well, quite remarkably well, and the little legacy from his uncle was such a help."

The minister removed his glasses and polished them.

"You were very happy—you have that to comfort you," he said.

"Yes," agreed Hester, "Charlie got along much better than I had hoped. When the children were a little older we were going to have a trip to Europe—if things went on improving."

The minister having polished his



spectacles to the last degree of brilliancy, adjusted them carefully. Why didn't Riddle hurry with those papers! Still—perhaps it was his duty—

"My dear," he said, "have you any idea of how your affairs stand? Did your husband—ahem!—did Charles—" he hesitated. After all, it was really the lawyer's business!

Mrs. Ruby slipped the handkerchief, which she had held ready for emergencies, into her hand-bag and sat up a little straighter. The pathetic blue eyes were a little hard-looking, and there was a most businesslike look about the mouth.

"I do not know in what position Charlie was financially," she said. "That is what I am here to find out—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Riddle?"

The little lawyer placed his papers on the desk and shook hands.

"A beautiful day, Mrs. Ruby," he remarked. "Quite like spring."

The minister was alarmed—how careless lawyers can be of the finer feelings! But Mrs. Ruby was looking at nothing save the papers on the desk.

"I hope I shall not be obliged to understand all these!" she exclaimed, with pretty helplessness. "Couldn't you just tell me in a few words how things are? I know poor Charlie told you about everything."

"Your husband was my friend." The lawyer's tone was a little stiff. "Yes, I can tell you what you need to know. I am glad to say you need be under no anxiety as to the future, Mrs. Ruby."

Hester Ruby gave a sigh of relief. "I am glad," she said. "I think perhaps I was just a little afraid—and I have the children to think of, of course."

"Naturally," said the lawyer. He took up a paper and glanced through it.

"How much shall I have to live on?" asked Hester Ruby smoothly.

The lawyer glanced at the minister, but the minister had moved to the open window, where, together with Solomon,

he could contemplate the back yard and the cherry-tree. There was no help in sight, so the lawyer must make the plunge alone. (After all, it would be interesting to see how she would take it.)

"My dear Mrs. Ruby," he began, "when I said that you need have no anxiety for the future, I meant to imply that your anxiety would never arise from want of money—what anxiety you may have from the opposite cause I can not say. You are a very rich woman. Your husband's estate is a good deal over a million."

"Estate!"

"When I say estate I use the word legally, meaning whatsoever property of which he died possessed."

The delight, which with dawning comprehension had sent the red flush to her cheek and lent a light to her widened eyes, began to be tinged with amazement.

"But—" she began. Then, while the lawyer watched her, fascinated, the ready tears welled up. "Oh, poor Charlie!" she said. "I am afraid that I have been most unjust to him. I had no idea that he was so rich. I suppose he speculated and it turned out well—and I never suspected that he was clever in that way at all!" She sobbed gently into her handkerchief.

The minister turned from the window. He would have spoken, but the lawyer was before him.

"He did not speculate," he said bluntly. "He inherited the money."

There was a moment's silence. Then, "When did he inherit it?" asked the woman slowly. For a doll her mind seemed to work very quickly. There was a subtle change in her tone.

It was the minister who answered.

"Two years ago," he told her.

Mrs. Ruby said nothing. It appeared that she was thinking, and a quiet fell upon the little room. It was so still that it might have been empty save only for the sweet spring air and the sunshine.



Drawing by Angus MacDonall

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"A MILLIONAIRE," SHE SAID SOFTLY, "A MILLIONAIRE FOR TWO YEARS"

From where Mrs. Ruby sat she could see the lawyer's cherry-tree, one branch already white with blossom. The lawyer glanced at her—and felt sorry. She looked so young, she was so pretty. He no longer regretted that he had been unable to think of the word which described his idea of her. Her eyes—he was certain that he had misjudged her all along! Evidently she had cared a great deal for Charles.

He spoke very gently.

"It was a day just like this that I told him, two years ago. The cherry-tree, I remember, was a few days late that year. He was very much—ahem!—moved. His first thought was for his home and its happiness. 'I am a happy man, Riddle,' he said to me. He did not think that money brings happiness—and he felt that he had to choose for you all."

"He was a noble man," added the minister, laying his hand upon her arm. "His money was put to noble uses."

At his touch she stirred and seemed all at once to gather herself together. Her eyes left the cherry-tree and turned to the lawyer's softened face. She laughed a little.

Then, rising with a brisk yet graceful movement, she gathered up her parasol and hand-bag. In the brief glimpse that the minister caught of her full face she seemed changed. He did not realize until afterward that the change lay in the eyes, which had suddenly turned quite hard and shallow.

"A millionaire!" she said softly. "A millionaire for two years—and this summer we were to go to the seaside—if business was good!"

She bowed to them both, charmingly, and moved to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Melvin," she said. "Good morning, Mr. Riddle. Anything more that it is necessary for me to know I shall learn through my man of business. Thank you." And with a little backward smile, coldly courteous, she was gone.

The two men looked at each other, then looked away. Then the lawyer crossed over to the window and cuffed Solomon deliberately on each ear.

"That will teach you to leave the birds alone, perhaps!" he said fiercely.

"A cat is very cruel," said the minister, who was greatly relieved at finding something to say.

"Cat—" said the lawyer thoughtfully. "Cat!—ah, yes, *cat*—that is the word I was trying to think of a while ago!"

## THE MIRACLE

By ELSA BARKER

Among the hills and valleys of the soul,  
Working his miracles, Love came to me  
And touched my blinded eyes and bade me see.  
I watch the water redden in the bowl,  
I drink the marriage wine. Upon the scroll  
Of Life I trace the word of prophecy  
In flaming letters; my mortality  
Burns on this altar as a living coal.

Many of Love's disciples have pursued  
His wandering steps with worldly aims and wishes;  
Many have climbed, as for a festival,  
The mountain where he feeds the multitude.  
For them the counting of the loaves and fishes,  
For me—the wonder of the miracle!



## MAJOR BOURBON

By ELIZA WALLACE DURBIN

Author of "Disarrangement"

FROM the time Major Bourbon stepped off the Erie train into his home town, after an absence of nearly twenty years, his life became a retrospect, though he did not realize it then.

His first thought was of the man who had stood there waiting in impatient vigor twenty years ago, but before the depression in that recollection could settle heavily, one of the hackmen touched his arm, exclaiming: "Why, Major, is this you? I don't suppose you remember me—Tom Russel? I used to work in your elevator when I was a kid."

"I remember a Tom Russel, but twenty years have made quite a change in him," he said, in a voice so deep as to sound hoarse.

"Yes, changed me from a child to a man," laughed the driver.

"They've put the change t'other way to for me, I guess." There was a wistfulness in the major's smile that touched the driver. There had been no wistfulness in the smile of the big, vigorous man who had been boss in the old days.

"Why, you aren't any grayer, Major,"

he said, embarrassed by his feeling; "a little bent, maybe."

"Bent—I'm dead broke." The major could hear himself saying that in the old days, secure in the all-sufficing possession of a future, and he knew the source of the sensitiveness that kept the words back now.

"Folks to meet you, Major, or goin' to a hotel?"

"To a hotel. The St. Nicholas still running?"

"Yes; Basker has it—Basker who managed a street fair here years ago and ran off with old Casper's daughter."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Good business man." He handed over his valise and got into the cab, feeling as though he were going to his own funeral.

There were no other passengers for Russel, so he called to the day operator, who always rode up with him.

"Who is the old Don, Russel?" asked the operator.

"Oh, he used to be about the biggest gun in town—Major Bourbon. His wife was a sister of Jim Bennit."

"That good-looking good-for-nothing?"

"Whole damn family had better looks than morals. Girl was a stunner. Best looker I ever seen. Built like a Cup yacht—jest to go; and she went some, I tell you; took good part of the major's money along. She was young enough for him to be her father, and she jest about fitted him into that position, I guess. She led him a merry dance, and he waltzed after her like a giddy girl's dad. If ever a man loved a woman he surely did her. I'll never forget his face the day he came down to the office and told us he and his wife were goin' to Floridy. We heard afterwards that the doctor had just told him she had consumption. It was beyond me how he could care so much."

The operator laughed.

"I don't suppose you imagined then that any woman could ever stir you up," he said.

"I! Oh, I hain't no Major Bourbon now. I couldn't keep on wastin' feelin's over a woman that didn't care nothin' about me. Reckon my lovin' would be sort of a bottle-siphon affair beside the major's flowin' spring."

"Did she die?"

"Sure; and the major went away soon afterwards. He's been in some big deals, I've heard."

They were swinging round on to the square and Russel pulled up to let the operator off. Major Bourbon leaned forward to look out. It was Saturday. It had been on a Saturday he had gone away; and looking upon the familiar



"TO A HOTEL—THE ST. NICHOLAS STILL RUNNING?"



scene he could not put twenty years between the two days.

He looked hungrily for a familiar face as they drove on through the crowd, but saw none until the cab stopped in front of the hotel. The post-office was next, and out of it was coming the major's old business associate, Hugh Mitchel. He had his old quick, bird-like movements, and the trim skirts of his cutaway still looked on him like the folded wings of a robin. He came forward in astonishment, and grasped the major's hand in silence.

"Well, well, Mitchel, does it take so long to look back twenty years?" the major asked with his old quizzical smile.

"Twenty years! Not many of them called on you, did they? They don't seem to have left their cards."

"Oh, I carry my card-case inside. No need to ask about your health. How is the place, Mitchel—prospering?"

"Oh, yes; rather slow-going, but it suits me; I'm going too fast now to suit me. Come to stay, Bourbon?"

"I think so. How is Mrs. Mitchel?"

Mitchel hesitated, in evident embarrassment, then said: "You know this is my second wife? Mary died ten years ago."

The major had not known, but he replied with ready tact: "Yes, I heard. Was it any one I knew? I never heard the name."

"No; she was a stranger—Sarah Gray. You must come up and see us. We live in the old place, alone. The boys are both married. There's Harry's boy now in the buggy. He's hunting me to drive me home. I'll drop in to-morrow, Bourbon."

He was off with his usual briskness, but the major, looking after him, sighed. The effervescent zest of life that had been Mitchel's chief charm was gone. He, too, was old inside. And the major went up the hotel steps, feeling farther away from his home place than he had on the streets of Seattle.

But the news of his arrival spread, and after supper a number of old acquaintances came down to see him. Only a few were near his own age; the others were young enough to be a reflection of himself as he had been here, and the reflection cheered him. And it was with a warm glow in his heart that he stood late that night before his window, looking out, trying to bring his eyes from the focus in which the immensities of stone and steel to which they were accustomed had set them. For several years he had longed for the courage to come home old and poor and beaten. He had been wont to make himself more homesick by dreaming that there he might play a part instead of merely looking on, and, now that the stimulating cheer of his friends had dispelled the depressing loneliness of his arrival, the hope rose again within him.

He turned after a time to the east window. Out that way lay the cemetery, and Annagale. He would not have believed when he went away that the nearness of her resting-place could so comfort him. He stood until the lights in the stores began to go out, and then went to bed with an exquisite sense of content.

His elation was with him next morning, and increased through the day. Wherever he turned there was some one to hail him and show him a pleased face. He had to stop often on his way to Annagale's grave, and near the outskirts of the town, where he knew the families by their homes, he got many a friendly glance of recognition.

At the greenhouse the florist greeted him with a pleased cry that fanned the glow within him.

"Major Bourbon! Major Bourbon! Well, well! When did you get back?"

"Last night. And you and your business have both waxed fat since I left," said the major, looking from the florist's paunch to the rows of glass roofs that had been added to the one he remembered.

"Yes, yes; come in and see," laughed the florist.

"No, not this time. I just stopped for my roses. You have them?"

"American Beauties? You see I remember. Yes, yes, and they are beauties. Over this way. My, but it makes me feel younger to see you back!"

"And how is Mrs. Sauerhalz? Does she still help you?"

"Oh, she is fat an' hearty; she helps sometimes, but I keep a girl now."

"You kept one then," said the major slyly, and Sauerhalz shook with pleased laughter.

"Ha! ha! You remember that, too? She married Skale. He used to be hostler fer Lawyer Sinton. Yes, yes, I was young then."

Sinton! The memories the name evoked kept Bourbon hateful company the rest of the way to Annagale's grave. Sinton had been to him as a younger brother until he had discovered that to Annagale he was more. Bourbon was sorry yet, at times, that he had not throttled him the night he had suddenly stepped into his hall and found him with his arms dropping and Annagale stepping back from him. The man had stood in embarrassed silence, but the woman had laughingly said: "How you startled us! Come on and play, Major, while I teach Sinton how to waltz."

She had faced him carelessly, even before the lie in Sinton's eyes, but with the instinct of the male animal Sinton had backed away before the murderous hate of the jealous mate. Only the consciousness of his responsibility for Annagale had kept Bourbon's twitching fingers from the man's throat. He had married Annagale, knowing through the intuition of his own love that she did not love him; had shut his eyes; had even, in his desire to possess her, let her mother tip the scales in his favor with his wealth. But his love for his wife held no selfishness. As she had awakened to the value of her lost birthright, he had



THE MAJOR'S WIFE HAD BEEN BUILT LIKE A CUP YACHT—JUST TO GO—AND SHE WENT

awakened to the sin of the cheat he had put upon her, and when she showed a disposition to throw the mess of pottage into the gutter, the sense of his blame had kept the bitterness in his heart from

pouring itself out upon her. In those days and in that community divorce was written with the indelible ink of disgrace, and even had it been otherwise he could not have put upon her the indignity of showing her unable to hold him, body and soul, by giving her grounds for divorce.

He liked to remember now how fiercely she had clung to life at the last. Surely, if she had been wholly unhappy with him she would not have fought so hard to live. She had been so utterly dependent upon him, had clung to him so. He remembered every little trusting movement she had made, every confidence she had given him. Even that memory had its bitterness, for once, as he sat beside her, she had laid her arms across his knees, laid her face upon them, and said brokenly: "Howel, I want you to forgive me everything before I die—everything you know—and don't know."

He had slipped his hand from her hair down over her lips, while his other kept up its caressing stroke on her cheek, and she had been satisfied, and had never guessed what torture she had put into his heart.

Patches of March snow still lay in the sheltered parts of the cemetery, and the major picked up a handful and crushed it against the rose stems. There would be none on the sunny knoll where he had buried Annagale.

In the town itself he had found enough change to make him feel strange. He had been in places that had changed more in twenty days than this in twenty years; yet here were new graves, new paths, new trees, until he was bewildered.

It was nearing noon when he came away, and before he reached the square he met working-men hurrying home to dinner. Most of them were young men, but three knew him, and one he knew, and with each lift of his soft felt hat his heart went up higher out of its depths. It was good to be at home.

For a month or so the town, or that part of it that meant the town to him, stopped on its way to make him feel a part of itself; but gradually he fell into the position of the visitor who is no longer such a novelty to the family members as to engross their attention, yet too much of an outsider to be allowed to participate in the daily work. In his old homesick longings he had fancied himself supplying some demand, but now he realized that he must first create the demand, and that he no longer had the power to create. He had no money; he had not the aggression of self-confidence. He was no longer positive.

So he settled into a passive existence on his major's pension, putting in his days in aimless routine. In the old time he had been a power in the Republican party of the county, and he was greeted enthusiastically at the Republican club, but he found Sinton the ruling power there, and that closed that avenue of energy. After that he went his way alone, every inch of his tall form upholding the distinction of his aristocratic old face—an artistic bas-relief on the town's gray plane.

A man like the major is systematic even in doing nothing, and you had only to look at the clock to trace him. He came down to breakfast at eight, sat for an hour afterward in the office reading the papers, and then walked to the cemetery. He liked the walk and the hour with himself he could have there. In his room the servant might disturb him, but it was rarely that any one besides himself visited the cemetery in the morning, and for months he did not encounter any one near his lot. Then one bright June day a spruce young fellow strode through a neighboring by-path with a tread that sent the invigorating crunch of gravel to the major's ears. The major looked after him admiringly, delighting in the abounding, buoyant force of youth. He wondered a little what the young man was doing there; no thought



AFTER THAT THE MAJOR WENT HIS WAY ALONE

of sorrow could rise before his exuberant life.

The major had forgotten him, and was rising to depart, when he saw him returning with a young girl. She glanced at the major as they passed, and he lifted his hat gravely. He had not meant to show the troubled questioning he felt, but he could see she detected it by the haughty air with which she turned away. She was extremely pretty, with a

look that reminded him of some one he could not place, and she was not more than seventeen. The boy was older, and his face was handsome, but he had a bold, important air that was not pleasing.

When the major arrived next morning the two were already there up at the Lamson lot, just diagonally across from the major's. The girl was sitting on the one iron chair. Her head drooped

thoughtfully, and she seemed troubled, while the young man stood before her, animated and ardent, evidently trying to overcome the feeling that kept her from accepting his view.

They left while the major got water for his flowers, and he saw that they separated at the north gate, and that the fellow came back to the south. Major Bourbon went to town troubled by this new responsibility.

"Jim," he said to the hotel clerk, "old Lamson's son Tom is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Leave any children?"

"One—Tom. He lives with the old man, which shows how hardy the old man's constitution is."

"Wild?"

"Wild! He's fierce! Belongs to the jungle. Been run out of two colleges. The old man moved to his farm, the one just out of town here, you know, to keep him in; but Lord! you might as well try to keep a mountain-lion in a four-foot chicken coop."

Bourbon smoked away as though uninterested. He was pondering what he had better do. He could go to old Lamson, but the girl's face pleaded with him. She looked the right sort. She had shown that she felt the humiliation of these meetings; perhaps if he spoke to her—he would try that, anyway.

He did not stop to read his papers next morning; he wanted to get to the cemetery early, so that he might reach the north gate ahead of the girl. As he walked up to his lot he saw a little flutter of white paper from one of the pointed ornaments of the iron chair on the Lamson lot, and he walked near enough to see that the paper was folded and was evidently a note. Then he sat down to wait. The girl was later than usual; perhaps the tryst had been put later because of him. She seemed to hesitate when she saw Lamson was not there, and the major rose to call to her, but she came on. Probably there had been notes before.

He let her get directly opposite him before he spoke to her. She turned quickly at his first word and stood like a wild creature, ready to bolt at a sign of danger.

"I want to speak to you—before you read that note," he said with gentle deference.

All the blood in her body came to her face in a rush, and she stood stupefied.

"Your face reminds me of some one I have known, but I can't place you," he went on questioning. He counted on her being too proud to deny herself, and he was right.

"I am Lucy Sinton," she answered readily; and the shock of the name stunned him in turn. It was bitter to have to turn away humiliation from Ralph Sinton. He was silent so long that the girl looked at him. He saw the lift of her head and met her eyes with a smile.

"Lucy Allen's daughter. That was it. I knew your mother when she was a little girl. She and my wife were school-girls together. Your Uncle Charles told me of her death once when I ran across him in Chicago. I am Major Bourbon."

"I know," said the girl, twisting her fingers up and down the stem of her parasol.

"I am glad you are Lucy's daughter; I can talk to you as I like to think Lucy would have talked to my daughter."

"You never had a daughter, did you?" asked the girl, seeking to shake off her overwhelming embarrassment. The major's eyes softened into a dreamy wistfulness that he had never before let them hold when there was any one to see.

"Yes, I had one once," he answered, "a girl sweet as you. It is remembering her that encourages me to speak to you." He saw the girl's puzzled eyes rest on the one grave, and he added: "No, she isn't buried here; she never lived, except in my own hopes, but she is real to me just the same."





"MY LITTLE GIRL, MY LITTLE GIRL," SINTON MURMURED BROKENLY

The girl had fiercely resented his interference, and only fear of his knowledge had kept her from defying him; but her sense of right was keen and her heart was tender, and the major had reached both. Her face softened, and she took the chair he had brought her.

"You know how distasteful this must be to me, a stranger," he said, sitting down on the bank. "I didn't know Lamson; I didn't know your name until you told me; but I see you doing something it would hurt me to have my girl do—something that a man who cares for a girl in the right way wouldn't ask her to do. I know, for I was a wild youth myself; but when it came to the woman I loved, I was as careful of her as I would

have you be of yourself. I don't know why your father objects—if your being here tells me he does object—but Ralph Sinton's natural sympathy for his daughter tells me his objections are well founded."

The girl's chin quivered.

"I don't know whether you love Tom Lamson or not, but if you do, the best thing you can do for him is to let his hope of winning you make such a man of him as will be acceptable to your father. Lamson perhaps tells you he can't get on without you, but before you listen to that you should know what a hopeless risk a rickety backbone is. Lucy, I have spoken to you because that way seemed kindest to you. Now tell

me, if you were in my place what would you do?"

"You mean that you want to tell my father?" she asked, with a startled glance.

"Want to! God forbid! But should I?"

"No, no, that would hurt him dreadfully." Her concern overcame her timidity. "Don't think there is no sympathy between us; he is the best father a girl ever had. But he is so wild against Tom; he had no sympathy at all for him; wouldn't believe that we cared for each other—" She stopped short in surprise at herself, and the major smiled as though he did not see her embarrassment, and said:

"You can't blame him; he knows we all believe we have the smallpox when it's only the chicken-pox. Go and read your note now, and then tell me what I shall do."

She stood for a moment after she had read it, and he watched her uneasily; but she turned again and came back, and held the paper out to him.

"Am being rushed off on 7:30. Change at Lima. Come there on 11. Will have minister. No later; uncle takes me off at 12. "T."

"They are taking him to some school; he won't know where until his uncle decides. He was willing, but he wanted me to marry him first. Now, if I go up there to mother's grave and wait until after train time, will that satisfy you?"

"Surely," he answered. She hesitated a moment, as if intending to speak again, but finally went away in silence.

Ralph Sinton was buried in the papers of an important case and did not immediately respond to his daughter's knock at the door of his private room an hour later, but when he did open it and saw her face, he held out his arms as he had done when she came to him in her childish woes. And she told him her story.

"My little girl, my little girl," he murmured brokenly when she had finished. He put her into a chair and went to the window, too moved to say more. He saw the major settling himself into his usual seat in the court-house square. There had never been any open break between the two, but Sinton knew what lay beneath the major's courteous manner, and anyway the guilty sense of his ingratitude toward the man who had befriended him would have held him aloof. The weight of that remembrance increased as his understanding grew with his daughter's growth; and since the old man's return the patrician face and lonely figure had met him at every turn like an accusing ghost. Sinton had loved Annagale Bourbon, too; had loved her better than the better woman he had married, though he had known what he thought the major did not know—that her soul was too small to hold a great love. He had not cared that the husband was his friend; but now as he stood in the shock of his daughter's story he realized that God's punishments do not always come as afflictions.

Suddenly he went back to Lucy and kissed her.

"Stay here until I come back, dear," he said gently, and hurried across to the court-house. Bourbon moved aside uneasily as Sinton sat down on the bench.

"Yes, my girl has told me," Sinton answered his glance. "Once started aright, she will go the whole way. I went at it wrong. I see it now. I didn't come to give you common thanks, Bourbon; it has gone deeper than that. I don't know whether you know, but your wife set me right once when I made a fool of myself. Probably she never told you for fear you would resent her letting me off so easily."

The unselfish purpose in his heart kept his eyes clear as they met the major's. The major's face was white as his hair, and his hand shook as he thrust his cane into the gravel, but he held his voice

steady as he said: "Yes, Annagale told me; she blamed herself because she thought she might have been too light and gay with you, poor girl."

Sinton looked at him in wondering admiration. God! what a pity that depths like these could be sounded by a woman who did not know! The silence was becoming awkward when the Catholic church-bell rang out the noon hour, and the major rose with a few careless parting words and went to dinner.

"It has put a new glow into his heart—God forgive me!" thought Sinton, strolling back to his office. He glanced back, and a grim smile came into his eyes.

The thought-furrows were still in his forehead when a passing politician hailed him.

"Thinking how we're going to do them up to-morrow?" he asked.

Sinton stood still, struck by a sudden thought.

"Bonem, I believe you're to be nominated for mayor," he said slowly.

Bonem stared.

"That's the program, you know," he said questioningly.

"What do you say to changing the mayoralty for the legislature?"

Bonem stared blankly into the twinkle in his chief's eyes.

"I thought you wanted that," he said at last.

"I did, but I've changed my mind; got something better in view. Of course the mayoralty is a sure thing and the other is a chance. Want the chance?"

"Sure. But what'll we do about mayor?"

Sinton was drawing a couple of cigars from his pocket. He handed one over and paused to strike a match.

"How would Bourbon do?" he asked, when he had a light.

"The major? All right, I suppose. Does he belong to us?"

Sinton smiled.

"Not on your life! He belongs to himself, you bet! But it's time we put up a candidate like that. So just rustle around and see the boys. Don't let them know I suggested him; you do that. Then bring some of them around to the office this afternoon and break the news to me. You know how to work it."

Late that evening a delegation waited upon Major Bourbon in his room.

"Major," began Bonem, smilingly, as the major rose, "we've come to ask you to change your name. We want you to let us change that *j* to a *y*."

"You see," he went on as the major stared, "I was going to run for mayor, and my friends here promised their support, but I've changed my mind, and some of the committee thought you might take the nomination." He turned suddenly to one of the delegates and asked: "Did you speak to Sinton, Smith?"

"Yes; he said he had no choice if you didn't want it."

"Then may I nominate you, Major?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, you do me honor," began the major, then stopped, overcome, and silently led the way to the hotel bar.

When they were gone he went back to his room and stood by the east window, as he had done that first night. Poor little girl! That had been the confession she had wanted to make. She had not loved him, she might have loved Sinton, but she had been his wife. And the town! it was to be his town. Oh, it was good to be at home!

# THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A MUD-SPLASHED automobile running off Van Ness Avenue down a narrower and shadier side street in the afternoon of the Sunday following the disappearance of Archie Winter. One of the occupants seemed to be an invalid whom the brilliant March sunshine had not tempted out of his heavy wrappings and cap; the other was a short, thick-set, corduroy-jacketed chauffeur. One marked the runabout at a glance as a hardly used livery motor-car; but a moment's inspection might have shown that it was running with admirable smoothness and quiet. The chauffeur wore goggles, hence his eyes were shielded, but he turned a broad smile upon the pallid cheeks and sharpened profile beside him.

"Colonel, as a health seeker who can't keep warm enough, you're great!" he cried. "Lord! but you look the part!"

"If I can't shed some of these con-founded mufflers soon," growled the pale sufferer addressed, "I'll get so red with heat it will come through my beautiful powder. I hope those fellows won't see us, for they will be on to us, all right."

"Our own mothers wouldn't be on to us in these rigs," the chauffeur replied cheerily; he seemed to be in a hopeful mood; "and let us once get into the house, and surprise 'em; and there'll be something drop. But I haven't really had a chance to tell you the latest—having to pick you up at a drug store this way. Now, let's sum things up! You think the boy got out through Keatcham's apartment? Or Mrs. Wigglesworth's?"

"How else?" said the colonel, "he can't fly, and if he could, he couldn't fly out and then lock the windows from the inside."

"I see"—the chauffeur appeared thoughtful—"and the Wigglesworth door was locked. You think that Keatcham is in it, some way?"

"Not Keatcham. His secretary and that valet of his; I think the secretary is Cary Mercer. The boy might have slipped out in those few moments we were hunting for him inside," the colonel said. "Afterward, either Mrs. Melville Winter or I was on guard until your man came. But there was *one* time afterward when he might have got by."

"When?"

"That time the valet broke the dishes and was, apparently, so flustered. Burney admits he went over to him. Some one could slip out of the fireless stove man's rooms, and round the corner to the elevator in a couple of seconds. Then, of course, I might see their rooms—"

"Provided, that is, the fireless stove drummer is in the plot, too."

"The fireless stove drummer who smokes Villar y Villar cigars? He is in it, I think, Birdsall."

"Well, I'll assume that. Next thing: you get the telephone call. And you say the voice sounded chipper; didn't look like he was being hurt or bothered any way, did it?"

"Not at all. Besides, you know the letter Miss Smith got this morning?"

"I think I'd like another peek at that; will you drive her a minute, while I look

at the letter again?" The instant his hands were free Birdsall pulled out the envelope from his leather-rimmed pocket.

It was rectangular in shape and smaller than the ordinary business envelope. The paper was linen of a diamond pattern, having no engraved heading. The detective ran his eyes down the few lines written in an unformed boyish hand. There was neither date nor place; only these words:

DEAR MISS JANET—Don't you or auntie be worried about me because I am well and safe and having a good time. I had the nose bleed that is why I spotted the carpet. Tell Auntie to please pay for it out of my next week's allowance. Be sure and don't worry.

Your aff. friend,

ARCHIBALD PAGE WINTER.

"You're sure this is the boy's writing?" was the detective's comment.

"Sure. And his spelling, too."

"Now," said Birdsall, watching the colonel's keen, aquiline profile as he spoke, "now you notice there's no heading or mark on the paper; and the watermark is only O. K. E., Mass., 1904. And that amounts to nothing; those folks sell all over the country. But you notice that it is not the ordinary business paper; it looks rather ladylike than commercial, doesn't it?"

The colonel admitted that it did look so.

"Now, assuming that this letter was sent with the connivance of the kidnapers, and it looks as if our young gentleman wasn't in any particular danger or having a hard time. To me, it looks pretty certain he must have skipped himself; tolled along some way, maybe, but not making any resistance. Now, is there anybody that you know who has influence over him for that? How about the lady's maid?"

"Randall has been a faithful servant

for twenty years, a middle-aged, serious-minded, decent woman. Out of the question."

"This Miss Smith, your aunt's companion, who is she? Do you know?"

"A South Carolinian; good family; she has lived with my aunt as secretary and companion for a year; my aunt is very fond of her."

"That all you know? Well I have found out a little more; she used to live with a Mrs. James S. Hastings, a rich Washington woman. The lady's only son fell in love with her; *somehow* the marriage was broken off."

"What was his name?"

"Lawrence. They called him Larry. He went to Manila. Maybe you've met him there."

"Yes, I knew him; I don't believe he ever was accepted by her."

"I don't know, I have only had two days on her biography. Later, she went to Johns Hopkins Hospital. One of the doctors was very attentive to her—but it did not come to anything. She didn't graduate. Don't know why. Then she went to live with Miss Angela Norton, who died and left her money, away from her own family. There was talk of breaking the will; but it wasn't done. Then she came to Mrs. Winter."

The colonel was silent; there was nothing discreditable in these details. He had known before that Janet Smith was poor; that she had been thrown on the world early; that she must earn her own livelihood; yet, somehow, as Birdsall marshaled the facts, there was an insidious, malarious hint of the adventures, bandied from place to place, hawking her attractions about, wheedling, charming for hire, entrapping imbecile young cubs—Larry Hastings wasn't more than twenty-two—somehow he felt a revolt against the picture and against the man submitting it—and, confound Millicent!

The detective changed the manner of his questions a little. "I suppose your



aunt is pretty advanced in years, though she is as well preserved an old lady as I have ever met, and as shrewd. Say, wouldn't she be likely to leave the boy a lot of money?"

"I dare say." The colonel was conscious of an intemperate impulse to kick Birdsall, who had been such a useful fellow in the Philippines.

"If anything was to happen to him, who would get the money?"

"Well, Mrs. Melville and I are next of kin," returned the colonel dryly. "Do you suspect *us*?"

"I did look up Mrs. Melville," answered the unabashed detective, "but I guess she's straight goods all right. But say, how about Miss Smith?"

The colonel stared, then he laughed. "Birdsall," said he, "there's somewhat too much mention of ladies' names to suit my Virginian taste. But if you mean to imply that Miss Smith is going to kill Archie to get my aunt's money I can tell you you are *way off*! Your imagination is too active for your profession. You ought to hire out to the yellow journals."

His employer's satire did not even flick the dust off Birdsall's complacency; he grinned cheerfully. "Oh, I'm not so bad as *that*; I don't suppose she did kill the boy; I think he's alive, all right. But say, Colonel, I'll give it to you straight; I do think the señora did coax the boy off. You admit, don't you, he went off. Well, then, he was coaxed, somehow. Now, who's got influence enough to coax him? You cross out the maid; so do I. You cross out Mrs. Melville Winter; so do I. I guess we both cross out the old lady. Well, there's you and the señora left. I don't suspect *you*, General."

"Really? I don't see why. I stand to make more than anybody else, if you are digging up motives. And how about the chambermaid?"

Birdsall flashed a glance of reproach on his companion. "Now, Colonel, do

you think I ain't looked *her* up? First thing. Nothing in it. Decent Vermont girl, three years in the hotel. Came for her lungs. She ain't in it. But let's get back to Miss Smith. Did you know she was Cary Mercer's sister-in-law?"

He delivered his shot in a casual way, and the colonel took it stonily; nevertheless, it went to the mark. Birdsall continued: "Now, question is, *was* Mercer the secretary? You didn't see the man in the elevator, except his back. Had he two moles? Burney says he *hadn't*."

"No; I looked. He had different clothes, too; but still there was something like Mercer about the shoulders."

"Burney didn't get a chance to take a snapshot, but he did snap the stove man. Here it is. Pull that book out of my pocket."

Obedying, the colonel lifted a couple of small prints which he scrutinized intently, at the end, admitting, "Yes, it is he all right. Now do you know what I think?"

Birdsall couldn't form an idea.

"I think the Keatcham party is in it; and I think they are after bigger game than Archie. Maybe the train robbers were a part of the scheme—although I'm not so sure of that."

"Oh, the robbers were in it all right. But now come to Miss Smith; where does she come in? Or are you as sure of her as Mercer was in Chicago?"

If he had expected to get a spark out of the Winter tinder by this scraping stroke, he was mistaken; the soldier did not even move his brooding gaze fixed on the hills beyond the house roofs; and he answered in a level tone: "Did you get *that* story from my aunt, or was it Mrs. Melville? I'm pretty certain you got your biography from that quarter. My aunt might have told her."

"That would be betraying a lady's confidence. I'm only a detective, whose business is to pry, but I never go back on the ladies. And I think, same's you, that the lady in question is a real nice,

high-toned lady; but I can't disregard the evidence. I never give out my system, but I've got one, all the same. Look here, see this paper?"—he had replaced the envelope in his pocket; he pulled it out again; or rather, so the colonel fancied, until Birdsall turned the envelope over, revealing it to be blank. "There's a sheet of paper inside; take it out. Look at the water-mark; look at the pattern; then compare it with this letter"—handing the colonel the original envelope—"same exactly, ain't they?"

The colonel, who had studied the two sheets of paper silently, nodded as silently; and he had a premonition of Birdsall's next sentence before it came. "Well, Mrs. Melville Winter, this morning, took me to Miss Smith's desk, where we found this and a lot more like it."

"You seem to be right in thinking the paper widely distributed," observed the colonel.

"And you don't think that suspicious?"

"I should think it more suspicious if the paper were not out on her desk. If she is such a deep one as you seem to think, she would hide such an incriminating bit of evidence."

"She didn't know we suspected her. Of course, you haven't shadowed her?"

"There is a limit to detective duty in the case of a gentleman," returned the colonel haughtily. "I have not."

Little Birdsall sighed; then in a propitiatory tone: "Well, of course, we both think there are others in it; I don't know exactly what you mean by bigger game, but I can make a stagger at it. Now, say, did you get any answer when you wrote to Keatcham himself?"

"Yes," said the colonel grimly, "I heard. You know the sort of letter I wrote; telling him of our dreadful anxiety and about the lad's being an orphan; don't you think it was the sort of letter a decent man would answer, no matter how busy he might be?"

"Sure. Didn't you get an answer?"

"I did." The colonel extricated himself from his wrappings enough to find a pale blue envelope, which he handed to Birdsall, at the same time taking the motor handle. "You see; typewritten, very polite, chilly sort of letter, kind to make a man hot under the collar and swear at Keatcham's heartlessness. Mr. Keatcham unable to answer, having been ill since he left San Francisco. Did not see anything of any boy. Probably boy ran away. Has no information of any kind to offer. And the writer is very sincerely mine. The minute I read it I was sure Mercer wrote it; and he wrote it to make me so disgusted with Keatcham I wouldn't pursue the subject with him. Just the same way he snubbed my aunt; and, for that matter, just the way he tried to snub me on the train. But he missed his mark; I wired every hotel in Santa Barbara and every one in Los Angeles; and Keatcham isn't there and hasn't been there. He has a big bunch of mail at Santa Barbara waiting for him, forwarded from Los Angeles, but he hasn't shown himself."

Birdsall shot a glance of cordial admiration at the colonel. "You're all there, General," he cried with unquenchable familiarity. "I've been trying to call up the Keatcham outfit, and I couldn't get a line, either. They haven't even used the tickets they bought—their reservations went empty to Los Angeles. Now, what do you make out of that?"

"I make out that Archie is only part of their game," replied the soldier. "Now see, Birdsall, you are not going to get a couple of rich young college fellows to do just plain kidnapping and scaring women out of their money—"

"Lord, General," interrupted Birdsall, "those college guys don't turn a hair at kidnapping; they regularly steal the president of the freshman class, and the things they do at their hazing bees and initiations would make an Apache Indian sit up and take notice. I tell you, General, they're the limit for deviltry."

"Some kinds. Not that kind; it's too dirty. Arnold was one of the cleanest football players at Harvard. And I don't know anything about human nature if that other youngster isn't decent. But Mercer—*es un loco*; you can look out for anything from him. Now, see the combination. I've found out Arnold was at Harvard! I have traced the motor-car they used to him; and then, if you add that his father is away safe in Europe and he has an empty house, off to one side, with a quantity of space around it and the reputation of being haunted, why—"

"It looks good to me. And I understand my men have got around it on the quiet all right. How's your man Haley got on, hiring out to the Jap in charge?"

"Well enough; the Jap took him on to mow, but either Mr. Caretaker doesn't know anything or he won't tell. He's bubbling over with conversation about the flowers and the country and the Philippines, where he used to be; but he only knows that the honorable family are all away and he is to shun the house. Aren't we almost there?"

"Just around the corner. I guess when you see it you'll think it's just the *patio* a spook of taste would freeze to."

"Why is it haunted?"

"Now you have me. I ain't on to such dream stuff. Gimme five cards. Mrs. Arnold died off in Europe, so 'tain't her; and the house has only been built two years; but the neighbors have seen lights and heard groans and a pick chopping at the stones. Some folks say the land belonged to an old miner and he died before he could tell where he'd buried his *mazuma*; so he is taking a little *buscar* after it. There's the house, General."

The street climbed a gentle hill, and, on its crest, a large house in mission style looked over a pleasant land. Its position on a corner and the unusual size of the grounds about it gave the mansion

an effect of space. Of almost rawly recent erection though it was, the kindly climate had so fostered the growth of the pines, acacias and live-oaks, the eucalypti and the orange trees, which made a rich blur of color on the hillside, had so lavishly tended the creeping ivies and bougainvillas which masked the rounded lantern arches of the stern gray façade, and so sumptuously blazoned the flower-beds in the garden, on the one hand; yet, on the other, had so cunningly dulled the greenish gray of the cobblestones from California arroyos in chimney and foundation, and had so softly streaked the marble of the garden statues and the plaster of walls and mansion with tiny filaments of lichens or faint green moss, that the beholder might fancy the house to be the ancient home of some Spanish hidalgo, handed down with a hereditary curse, through generations, to the last of his race. One was tempted to this last flutter of fancy because of the impression given by the mansion. A sullen reticence hung about the place. The windows, for the most part, were heavily shuttered. Not a pane of glass flashed back at the sunlight; even those casements not shuttered turned blank dark green shades like bandaged eyes on the court and the beautiful terraces and the lovely sweep of hillsides where the wonderful shadows swayed and melted.

The bent figure of a man raking, distorted by the perspective, was visible just beyond the high pillars of the gateway. He paid no attention to the motions of the motor-car, nor did he answer a hail until it was repeated. Then he approached the car. Birdsall was in the roadway trying to unlock the gate. The man, whose Japanese features were quite distinguishable, bowed; he explained that the honorable owners were not at home; his insignificant self was the only keeper of the grounds. He spoke sufficiently good English with the accompaniment of a deprecatory, amiable

smile. Birdsall, in turn, told him that his own companion was a very great gentleman from the East who belonged to a society of vast power which was investigating spectral appearances, and that he had come thousands of miles to see the ghost.

The Japanese extended both hands, while the appeal of his smile deepened. "Too bad, velly," he murmured, "but not leally any g'lost, no, nev'."

"Don't you believe in the ghost?"

"No, me Clistian boy, no believe not'ing."

"All the samee," said the colonel, laboriously swinging himself from his vantage-ground of the motor seat to the flat top of the wall, thence dropping to the greensward below, "allee samee, like go in house hunt ghost." He crackled a banknote in the palm of the slim brown hand, smiling and nodding as if to break the force of his brusque action. Meanwhile, Birdsall had safely shut off his engine before he placed himself beside the others with an agility hardly to be expected of his rotund build.

As for the caretaker, whether because he perceived himself outnumbered, or because he was really void of suspicion, he accepted the money with outward gratitude and proffered his guidance through the garden and the orchards. He slipped into the rôle of cicerone with no atom of resistance; he was voluble; he was gracious; he was artlessly delighted with his señors. Notwithstanding this flood of suavity, however, there was no persuading him to admit them.

Assured of this, the two fell back for a second, time for the merest eye-blink from the detective to the soldier, who at once limped briskly up to the Jap, saying: "We are very much obliged to you; this is a beautiful house, beautiful gardens; but we want to see the ghost; and if you can give me young Mr. Arnold's address I will see him—or write, and we can come back."

The gardener, with many apologies and smiles, did not know Mr. Arnold's honorable address, but he drew out a soiled card, explaining that it bore the name of the gentleman in charge of the property. Birdsall, peering over the Jap's shoulder, added that it was the card of a well-known legal firm.

"Then," said the colonel, "we will thank you again for your courtesy, and—what's that?"

The Jap turned; they all started at the barking detonation of some explosion; while they gazed about them there came another booming sound, and they could see smoke pouring from the chimney and leaking through the window joints of a room in the rear of the house. Like a hare, not breaking his wind by a single cry, the Jap sped toward the court. The others were hard on his heels, though the colonel limped and showed signs of distress by the time they reached the great iron door.

The Jap pulled out a key; he turned it and swung the door barely wide enough to enter, calling on them to stay out, he would tell them if he needed them.

"Augustly stay; maybe honorable t'ieves!" he cried.

But the detective had interposed a stalwart leg and shoulder. Instantly the door swung open; he acted as if he had lost his wits with excitement. "You're burning up! Lord! you're burning! *Fire! Fire!*" he bawled.

Winter followed him, also calling aloud in a strident voice. And it was to be observed, being such an unusual preparation for a conflagration, that he had drawn a heavy revolver and ran with it in his hand. Before he jumped out of the car he had discarded his thick top-coat and all his wrappings.

An observer, also (had there been one near), would have taken note of a robust Irishman, who had been weeding the flower-beds, and would have seen him straighten at the first peal of the explo-

sion, stare wildly at the chimneys before any distinct smoke was to be seen, then run swiftly and climb up to a low chimney on a wing of the house, watering pot in hand. He would have seen him empty his inadequate fire extinguisher and rapidly descend the ladder, while the smoke volleyed forth as if defying his puny efforts; later, he would have seen the watering-pot bearer pursue the others into the house, emitting noble yells of "fire!" and "help!"

Further, this same observer, had he been an intimate friend of Sergeant Dennis Haley, certainly would have recognized that resourceful man of war in the amateur fireman.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FACE TO FACE

When the two men got into the house the dim rooms made them stumble for a moment after the brilliant sunshine of the outer skies; but in a second Bird-sall's groping hand had found an electric push and the room was flooded with light. They were in a small office off the kitchen, apparently. Smoke of a peculiarly pungent odor and eye-smarting character blurred all the surroundings; but during the moment the Jap halted to explore its cause the others perceived two doors and made for them. One was locked, but the other must have been free to open, since Haley, with his watering-can, bounded through it while they were tugging at the other. Almost immediately, however, Haley was back again shouting and pointing down the dark passage. "The fire's *there*," screamed the detective, "I can smell smoke! The smoke comes through the keyhole!" But while the Jap fitted a key in the lock and swung back the door, and Haley, who had paused to replenish his watering-can at a convenient faucet, darted after the other two, the colonel stood listening with every auditory

nerve strained to catch some sound. He yelled "fire! help!" at the top of his voice, but not moving a muscle. "Too far off," he muttered, then he yelled again and threw a heavy chair as if he had stumbled against it. Another pause; he got down on his knees to put his ear to the floor. Directly he rose; he did not speak, but the words that he said to himself were only: "Just possible. Some one down cellar; but not under here." Meanwhile he was hurrying in pursuit of the others as swiftly as his stiff knee would allow. He found them in a side hall with tiled or brick floor, gathered about a water-soaked heap of charred red paper.

"'Tis terrible!" announced Haley, "a bum for sure! a dinnermite bum!"—fishing out something like a tin tomato can from the sodden mass.

"Anyhow, *there* goes the real thing," observed the colonel coolly, as a formidable explosion jarred the air.

"If you blow us up, I kill you fust!" hissed the Jap, and his knife flashed.

"Kito! Kito!" soothed the colonel, lifting his revolver almost carelessly. Simultaneously two brawny arms pinioned the Jap's own arms at his side.

"Shure, Mister Samurai, 'tis the on-grateful chap youse is," expostulated Haley. "I hate to reshtrein ye, but if ye thry any jehujits on me 'twill be sahanara wid youse mighty quick."

"No understan'," murmured the Jap plaintively. "Why you hult me?"

"Come, put out the fire first," said the colonel; "you know the house, you go ahead."

The Jap darted on ahead so swiftly that they had some ado to follow; which seemed necessary, since he might have clashed a bolt on them at any turn. The colonel's stiff leg kept him in the rear, but Haley was never a hand's breadth behind the runner.

They found smoke in two places, but they easily extinguished the tiny flames. In both cases the bombs turned out to be



no more dangerous than a common kind of fireworks yielding a suffocating smoke in an enclosure, but doing no especial damage on safe and fire-proof ground like a hearth. They were quickly extinguished. In their search they passed from one luxurious room to another, the Jap leading, until he finally halted in a spacious library hung in Spanish leather, with ancient, richly carved Spanish tables and entrancing Spanish chairs of turned wood and agemellowed cane, and book-cases sumptuously tempting a booklover. But the colonel cared only for the soul of a book, not its body; the richest and clearest of black letter or the daintiest of tooling had left him cold; moreover, every fiber in him was strung by his quest; and Haley, naturally, was immune; strangely enough, it was the cheerful, vulgar little detective who gave a glance, rapid but full of admiration, at the shelves and pile of missals on the table, incongruously jostled by magazines of the day.

Winter faced the Jap, who was sheathed again in his bland and impassive politeness. "Where is Mr. Mercer?" said he.

The Jap waved his hands in an eloquent Oriental gesture. He assured the honorable questioner that he did not know any Mr. Mercer. There was no one in the house.

The colonel had seated himself in a priceless armchair in Cordova stamped leather; he no longer looked like an invalid. "Show your star, please," he commanded Birdsall, and the latter silently flung back the lapel of his coat.

"I ought to tell you," continued Rupert Winter, "that the game is up. It would do no good for you to run that poisoned bit of steel of yours into me or into any of us; we have only to stay here a little too long and the police of San Francisco will be down on you—Oh, I know all about what sort they are, but we have money to spend as well as you.

You take the note I shall write to Mr. Mercer, or whatever you choose to call him, and bring his answer. We stay here until he comes."

Having thus spoken in an even, gentle voice, he scribbled a few words on a piece of paper which he took out of his notebook. This he proffered to the Jap.

On his part, the latter kept his self-respect; he abated no jot of his assurance that they were alone in the house; he insinuated his suspicion that they were there for no honest purpose; finally he was willing to search the house if they would stay where they were.

"I am not often mistaken in people," was the colonel's rather oblique answer, "and I think you are a gentleman who might kill me if he had a chance, but would not break his word to me. If you will promise to play fair with us, do no harm to my nephew, take this letter and bring me an answer—if you find any one—on your word of honor as a Japanese soldier and gentleman, you may go; we will not signal the police. Is it a bargain?"

The Jap gravely assented, still in the language of the East, "saving his face" by the declaration of the absence of his principals. And he went off as gracefully and courteously as if only the highest civilities had passed between them.

"Won't he try some skin game on us?" the detective questioned; but Winter only motioned toward the telephone desk. "Listen at it," he said, "you can tell if the wires are cut; and he knows your men are outside hiding, somewhere; he doesn't know how many. You see we have the advantage of them there; to be safe they don't dare to let many people into their secret. *We* can have a whole gang. We haven't many, but they may *think* we have."

Birdsall, who had lifted the receiver to his ear, laid it down with an appeased nod. Immediately he proceeded to satisfy his professional conscience by a

search in every nook and cranny of the apartment. But no result appeared important enough to justify the emerging of his red morocco notebook and his fountain pen. He had paused in disgust when the colonel sat up, suddenly, erect in his chair; his keener ears had caught some sound which made him dart to all the windows in succession. He called Haley (whom he had posted outside to guard the door) and despatched him across the hall to reconnoiter. "It was the sound of wheels," he explained, "but Haley will be too late; we are on the wrong side of the house."

As he spoke the buzz of an electric bell jarred their ears. "Somebody is coming in the front door," hazarded Birdsall.

"Evidently," returned the colonel dryly. "How can our absent friends get in otherwise—at least how can they let us understand they have come in? I think we are going to have the pleasure of an interview with the elusive Mr. Mercer."

They waited. The colonel motioned Birdsall to a seat by the table, within breathing distance of the telephone. He himself fluttered the loose journals and magazines, his ironic smile creasing his cheek. "Our Japanese friend reads the newspapers," he remarked. "Here are to-day's papers; yes, *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, unfolded and smoked over. Cigar, too, not cigarette, for here is a stump—decidedly our cherry-blossom friends are getting civilized!"

"Oh, there is somebody *in* here all right," grunted Birdsall. "Say, Colonel, you are sure Mrs. Winter has had no answer to her ad? No kind of notice about sending money?"

"I haven't seen her for a few hours, but I saw Mrs. Melville Winter; she was positive no word had come. She thought my aunt was more worried than she would admit, and Miss Smith looked pale, although she seemed hopeful."

"She didn't really want to give me the

letter, I thought," said the detective. The colonel gave him no reply save a black look. A silence fell. A footfall outside broke it; a firm, in no wise stealthy footfall. Birdsall slipped his hand inside his coat. The colonel rose and bowed gravely to Cary Mercer.

On his part, Mercer was in no wise flurried; he looked at the two men, not with the arrogant suspicion flung at Winter on the train, but with the composed and melancholy courtesy which had been in his bearing at Cambridge, three years before.

"This, I think, is Colonel Winter?" he said, returning the bow, but not extending his hand, which hung down, slack and empty at his side.

"I am glad you recognized me this time, Mr. Mercer."

"I am sorry that I did not recognize you before," answered Mercer. "Will you gentlemen be seated. I am not the owner of the house nor his son; I am not even a friend, only a casual acquaintance of the young man, but I seem to be rather in the position of host, so will you be seated, and may I offer you some Scotch and Shasta—Mr.—ah—"

"Mr. Horatio Birdsall, of the Birdsall and Gwen Detective Agency," interposed Winter. Birdsall bowed. Mercer bowed. "Excuse me if I decline for us both; our time is limited—no, thank you, not a cigar, either. Now, Mr. Mercer, to come to the point, I want my nephew. I understand he is in this house."

"You are quite mistaken," Mercer responded with unshaken calm. "He is not."

"Where is he, then?"

"I do not know, Colonel Winter. What I should recommend is for you to go back to the Palace, and if you do not find him there—why come and shoot us up again!" His eye strayed for a second to the blackened, reeking mass on the great stone hearth.

"Have you sent him home? Is that what you mean to imply?"

"I imply nothing, Colonel; I don't dare to with such strenuous fighters as you gentlemen; only go and see, and if you do find the young gentleman has had no ill treatment, no scare—only a little adventure such as boys like, I hope you will come out here, or wherever I may be, and have that cigar you are refusing."

The colonel was frankly puzzled. He couldn't quite focus his wits on this bravado which had nothing of the bravo about it, in fact had a tinge of wistfulness in its quiet. One would have said the man regretted his compulsory attitude of antagonism; that he wanted peace.

Mercer smiled faintly. "You ought to know by this time when a man is lying, Colonel," he continued, "but I will go further. I may have done plenty of wrong things in my life; some things, maybe, which the law might call a crime; but I have never done anything which would debar me from passing my word of honor as a gentleman; nor any one else from taking it. I give you my word of honor that I have meant and I do mean no slightest harm to Archie Winter; and that, while I do not *know* where he is at this speaking, I believe you will find him safe under your aunt's protection when you get back to the Palace."

"Call up the Palace Hotel, Mr. Birdsall," was the colonel's reply. "Mr. Mercer, I do not distrust that you are speaking exactly, but you know your Shakespeare; and there are promises which keep their word to the ear but break it to the sense."

"I don't wonder at your mistake; but you are mistaken, sir."

Birdsall was phlegmatically ringing up Mrs. Winter, having the usual experience of the rash person who intrudes his paltry needs on the complex workings of a great hotel system.

"No, I don't know the number, I haven't the book here, but *you* know,

Palace Hotel. Well, give me Information, then—Busy? Well, give me another Information, then—yes, I want the Palace Hotel—P-a-l-a-c-e—yes, yes, Palace Hotel; yes, certainly. Yes? Mrs. Archibald Winter. Yes—line busy? Well, hold on until it is disengaged. Say, Miss Furber, that you? This is Birdsall and Gwen. Yes. Give me Mrs. Winter, will you, 337. This Mrs. Winter? Oh, when will she be back? Is Mrs. Melville Winter in? Well, Miss Smith in? She's gone, too? Has Master Archibald got back, yet, to the hotel? Hasn't? Thank you—eh?" in answer to the colonel's interruption. "What say, Colonel?"

"Tell her to call up this number"—the colonel read it out of the telephone book—"when Master Archie does get back, will you? I am afraid, Mr. Mercer, that you will have to allow us to trespass on your hospitality for a little longer."

He suspected that Mercer was annoyed, although he answered lightly enough: "As you please, Colonel Winter, I am sure you will hear very soon. Now, there is another matter, your machine; I understand you left it outside. Will you ring for Kito, Colonel? You are sitting by the bell. Under the circumstances you may prefer to do your own ringing. I will ask him to attend to the car."

The colonel made proper acknowledgments. He was thinking that had Mercer cared to confiscate the motor, he would have done it without ringing; on the other hand, did he desire some special intercourse with his retainer, wherein, under their very noses, he could issue his orders—well, they might get a whiff of the secret themselves were he allowed to try. At present the game baffled him. Therefore he nodded at Birdsall's puckered face behind Mercer's shoulder. And he rang the bell.

The Jap answered it with suspicious alacrity.

"Kito," said Mercer, "will you attend to General Winter's car? Bring it up to the court."

Absolutely harmless, to all appearances, but Birdsall, from his safe position behind master and man, looked shrewd suspicion at the soldier.

"Shall your man in the hall go with him?" asked Mercer.

The colonel shook his head. "No," he said quietly, "we have other men outside if he needs help. Call Skid, please." But when Birdsall attempted to get central there was no response.

The colonel merely shrugged his shoulders, although Birdsall frowned. "What a pity!" said Winter softly. "Now the fellows will come when the time is up; we can't call them off."

Mercer smiled faintly. "There are two more telephones in the house," he observed. "You can call off your dogs easily any time you wish. Also you can hear from the Palace. Will you come upstairs with me? I assure you I have not the least intention of harm to you or the honest sergeant?"

"You take the first trick, Mercer," said the colonel, "I suppose the bell was your signal to have the wires cut. But about going; no, I think we will stay

here. There is a door out on the court which, if you will open—thank you. A charming prospect! Excuse me if I send Haley out there; and may I go myself?"

Anticipating the answer, he stepped under the low mission lintel into a fairy-like Californian court or *patio* of pepper trees and palms and a moss-grown fountain. There were the usual colonnade and seats of stone below the sculptured columns into the wall. Mercer, smiling, motioned to one of them. "I wish I could convince you, Colonel, that you are in no need of that plaything in your hand, and that you are going to dine with your boy—isn't he a fine fellow?"

The colonel did not note either his admission that he had seen Archie, nor a curious warming of his tone; he had stiffened and grown rigid like a man who receives a blow which he will not admit. He stole a glance at the detective and met an atrocious smirk of complacency. They both had caught a glimpse of a figure flitting into a door of the court. They had both seen a woman's profile and a hand holding a little steel tool which had ends like an alligator's nose. And both men recognized Miss Smith.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## RESIGNATION

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

Each by some luckless circumstance  
Is fettered; yet 'twere greater gain  
To carry than by any chance  
To drag the chain.

# THE RULERS OF EAST AND WEST

## THE WINDS OF THE SEA



By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Youth," "Nostromo," "The Mirror of the Sea"

ON the vast open battlefield of the sea the winds of the earth struggle for preëminence in the possession of high latitudes. There is no part of the world of coasts, continents, oceans, seas, straits, capes and islands which is not under the sway of a reigning wind, the sovereign of its typical weather. The wind rules the aspects of the sky and the action of the sea. But no wind rules unchallenged his realm of land and sea. As with the kingdoms of the earth there are regions more turbulent than others. In the middle belt of the earth the easterly winds reign supreme, undisputed, like the secure monarchs of long-settled kingdoms, whose traditional power, checking all undue ambitions, is not so much an exercise of personal right as the working of long-established institutions. The kingdoms of the long-established east winds are favorable to the ordinary life of a merchantman. The trumpet-call of strife is seldom borne on their wings to the watchful ears of men on the decks of ships. The regions ruled by the northeast and southeast trade-winds are serene. In a southern-going ship bound out for a long voyage the passage through their dominions is characterized by a relaxation of strain and vigilance on the part of the seamen. Those citizens of the ocean feel sheltered under the ægis

of an uncontested law of an undisputed dynasty. There, indeed, if anywhere on earth, the weather may be trusted.

Yet not too implicitly. Even in the constitutional realm of trade-winds, north and south of the equator, ships are overtaken by strange surprises. Still the easterly winds, and, generally speaking, easterly weather all the world over, may be trusted for regularity and persistence.

As a ruler the east wind has a remarkable stability, as an invader of the regions under the tumultuous sway of his great brother the wind of the west, he is extremely difficult to dislodge, by the reason of his cold craftiness and profound duplicity.

The narrow seas around these isles where British admirals keep watch and ward upon the marches of the Atlantic Ocean are subject to the turbulent sway of the west wind. Call it northwest or southwest, it is all one, a different phase of the same character, a changed expression on the same face. For in the orientation of the winds that rule the seas the north and south directions are of no importance. There are no north and south winds of any account upon this earth. The north and south winds are but small princes in the dynasties that make peace and war upon the sea.



They never assert themselves upon a vast stage. They depend upon small local causes, the configuration of coasts, the shapes of straits, the accidents of bold promontories round which they play little part. In the policy of winds, as amongst the tribes of earth, the struggle lies between east and west.

#### THE WEST WIND

The west wind reigns over the seas surrounding the coasts of these kingdoms; and from the gateways of the channels, from promontories as if from watch-towers, from estuaries of rivers as if from postern-gates, from passages, inlets, straits, firths, the garrison of the fortress and the crews of the ships going and returning look to westward to judge by the varied splendors of his sunset mantle the temper of that arbitrary ruler. The end of the day is the time to gaze at the kingly face of the westerly weather, who is the arbiter of ships' destinies. Benignant and splendid, or splendid and sinister, the western sky reflects the hidden purposes of the royal mind. Clothed in a mantle of dazzling gold or draped in rags of black clouds like a beggar, the might of the westerly wind sits enthroned upon the western horizon with the whole North Atlantic as a footstool for his feet and the first twinkling stars making a diadem for his brow. Then the seamen, attentive courtiers of the weather, think of regulating the conduct of their ships by the mood of the master. The westerly wind is too great a king to be a dissembler; he is no calculator plotting deep schemes in a somber heart; he is too strong for small artifices; there is passion in all his moods, even in the soft mood of his serene days, in the grace of his blue sky that envelops us like a vast caress, whose tender smile is reflected in the mirror of the sea. He is all things to all oceans. He is like a poet seated upon a throne, magnificent, simple, barbarous,

pensive, generous, impulsive, changeable, unfathomable, but, when you understand him, always the same. Some of his sunsets are like pageants devised for the delight of the multitude, when all the gems of the royal treasure-house are displayed above the sea. Others are like the opening of his royal confidence, full of thoughts of sadness and compassion, in a melancholy splendor of expression meditating upon the short-lived peace of the sea. And I have seen him put the pent-up utterances of his heart into the aspect of the inaccessible sun and cause it to glare fiercely, like the eye of an implacable autocrat out of a pale and frightened sky.

He is the war lord who sends his battalions of Atlantic rollers to the assault of our shores. The compelling breath of the west winds will muster up to his service all the might of the sea. At the bidding of the westerly wind there is a great commotion in the sky above these islands and a great rush of waters upon their shores. The sky of the westerly weather is full of living clouds, great big white clouds, coming thicker and thicker till they become welded into a solid canopy upon whose gray face the lower wrack of the gale, thin, black, and angry-looking, flies past with vertiginous speed. Denser and denser grows this dome of vapors, descending lower and lower upon the sea, narrowing the horizon around the ship. And the characteristic aspect of westerly weather, the thick, gray, smoky and sinister tone sets in, circumscribing the view of the men, drenching their bodies, oppressing their souls, taking their breath away with booming gusts, deafening, blinding, driving, rushing them onwards in a swaying ship toward a coast lost in mists and rain.

Southwest is the quarter of the heavens where the west wind presents his clouded brow. He breathes his rage in terrific squalls. He overwhelms his realm with an inexhaustible stream of

clouds. He strews the seeds of anxiety upon the decks of scudding ships. He makes the foam-stripped ocean look old; and sprinkles with gray hairs the heads of shipmasters in the homeward-bound ship running for the Channel. For the westerly weather asserting his sway from the southwest quarter is often like a monarch gone mad, driving with wild imprecations the most faithful of his courtiers upon unseen dangers.

The southwesterly weather is the thick weather par excellence. It is not the thickness of the fog, it is rather the contraction of the horizon, a mysterious veiling of the shores with clouds and mists. It is not blindness; it is the shortening of the sight. It does not say to the seaman "You shall be blind"; it restricts merely the range of his vision and raises the dread of land within his breast. It makes of him a man robbed of half his force, of half his efficiency. Many times, standing in long sea boots and streaming oilskins at the elbow of my commander on the poop of a homeward bound ship making for the Channel, and gazing ahead into the gray and tormented waste, I have heard a weary sigh shape itself into a studiously casual comment:

"Can't see very far in this weather!"

And have made answer in the same low, perfunctory tone:

"No, sir. Not very far."

Thus would the mate's voice answer the thought of the master, both gazing ahead, while under their feet the ship rushes at some twelve knots in the direction of the lee shore; and only a couple of miles in front of her swinging and dipping jibboom, carried naked with an upward slant like a spear, a gray horizon closes the view with a multitude of waves surging up violently as if to strike at the stooping clouds.

Awful and threatening scowls darken the face of the west wind in his clouded southwest mood; and from the king's throne hall in the western board

stronger gusts reach you like the fierce shouts of raving fury to which only the gloomy grandeur of the scene gives a saving dignity. A shower pelts the deck and sails of the ship as if flung with a scream by an angry hand, and when the night closes in, the night of a southwesterly gale, it seems more hopeless than the shade of Hades. The southwesterly mood of the great west wind is a lightless mood, without sun, moon or stars, with no gleam of light but the phosphorescent flashes of the great sheets of foam that, boiling up on each side of the ship, throw a weird, evanescent light upon her dark and narrow hull, rolling as she runs, chased by disheveled seas, distracted in the tumult.

There are some bad nights in the kingdom of the west wind for homeward-bound ships making for the Channel; and the days dawn upon them colorless and vague like the timid turning-up of invisible lights upon a scene of unbridled license, of a tyrannical and passionate outbreak of power, awful in the monotony of its method and the increasing strength of its violence. It is the same wind, the same clouds, the same wildly racing seas, the same thick horizon around the ship. Only the wind is stronger, the clouds seem denser and more overwhelming, the waves appear to have grown bigger and more threatening during the night. The hours, whose minutes are marked by the crash of the breaking seas, slip by with the screaming, pelting squalls overtaking the ship as she runs on and on with darkened canvas, with streaming spars and dripping ropes. The downpours thicken. Preceding each shower a mysterious gloom like the passage of a shadow above the firmament of gray clouds filters down upon the ship. Now and then the rain pours upon your head in streams as if from spouts. It seems as if your ship were going to be drowned before she sank, as if all atmosphere had turned to water. You gasp,

you splutter, you are blinded and deafened, you are submerged, obliterated, dissolved, annihilated, streaming, as if your limbs, too, had turned to water. And with every nerve on the alert you watch for the clearing-up mood. That will come with a shift of wind as likely as not to whip all the three masts out of your ship in the twinkling of an eye.

Heralded by the increasing fierceness of the squalls, sometimes by a faint flash of lightning, like the signal of a lighted torch waved far away behind the clouds, the shift of wind comes at last, the crucial moment of a westerly gale, the change of mood from the brooding and veiled violence of the southwest gale to the sparkling, flashing, cutting, clear-eyed anger of the king's northwesterly mood. It is another phase of his passion, a fury, bejeweled with stars, maybe bearing the crescent of the moon on its brow, shaking the last vestiges of its torn cloud mantle in inky-black squalls, with hail and sleet descending like showers of crystals and pearls, bounding off the spars, drumming on the sails, pattering on the oilskin coats, whitening the decks of homeward-bound ships. Another faint ruddy flash of lightning flickers in starlight upon her mast-heads. A chilly blast hums in the taut rigging, causing the ship to tremble to her very keel and the soaked men to shudder in their wet clothes to the very marrow of their bones; and that squall flies over to sink in the eastern board, while the edge of another peeps up on the western horizon, racing up swift, shapeless like a black bag full of frozen water ready to burst over your devoted head. The mood of the ruler of the ocean has changed. Each gust of the clouded mood that seemed warmed by a heart flaming with anger has its counterpart in the chilly blasts that seem blown from a breast turned to ice with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Instead of blinding your eyes and crushing your soul with a terrible apparatus of cloud and mists

and seas and rain, the King of the West turns his power to contemptuous pelting with icicles, to making your weary eyes water as if in grief and your worn-out carcass shiver pitifully. And each mood of the great autocrat has its own greatness, and each is hard to bear. Only the northwest phase of that mighty display is not so crushing to the sailor's mind: between the hail and sleet squalls of a northwesterly gale one can see a long way ahead.

To see! To see! This is the craving of the sailor, as of the rest of blind humanity. I have heard a reserved, silent man with no nerves to speak of, after three days of hard running in thick southwesterly weather, burst out passionately: "I wish to God we could get sight of something!"

We had just gone down below for a moment, to commune, in a battened-down cabin, with a large white chart lying limp and damp upon a cold and clammy table under the light of a smoky lamp. Sprawling over that seaman's silent and trusted adviser, with one elbow upon the coast of Africa and the other planted in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras (it was a general track-chart of the North Atlantic), my skipper lifted his rugged, hairy face and glared at me in a half-exasperated, half-appealing way. We had seen no sun, moon or stars for something like seven days. By the effect of the west wind's wrath the celestial bodies had gone into hiding for a week or more, and the last three days had seen the wrath of a southwest gale grow from fresh, through strong to heavy, as my log-book could testify. Then we separated; he to go on deck again, in obedience to that mysterious call that seems to sound forever in a shipmaster's ears; I to enter my cabin with some vague notion of putting down the words "very heavy weather" in a log-book not quite written up to date. But I gave it up and crawled into my bunk instead, boots and hat on,

all standing (it did not matter; everything was soaking wet, a heavy sea having burst the poop skylights the night before), to remain in a nightmarish state between waking and sleeping for a couple of hours or so.

The southwesterly mood of the west wind is an enemy of sleep and even of a recumbent position in the responsible officers of a ship. After two hours of disconnected, light-headed, muddled sort of thinking upon all things under heaven in that dark, dank, wet and devastated cabin, I rose suddenly and staggered up on deck. The autocrat of the North Atlantic was still oppressing his kingdom and its outlying dependencies even as far as the Bay of Biscay in the dismal secrecy of thick, very thick weather. The force of the wind, though we were running before it at the rate of some twelve knots an hour, was so great that it drove me with a steady push to the front of the poop, where my commander was holding on.

"What do you think of it?" he addressed me in an interrogative yell.

What I really thought was, that we both had had just about enough of it. The manner in which the great west wind frequently administers his possessions does not commend itself to a man of peaceful and law-abiding disposition, naturally inclined to draw distinctions between right and wrong in the face of every force, moral, intellectual or physical, whose standard naturally is that of might alone. But, of course, I said nothing. For a man caught, as it were, between his skipper and the great west wind, silence is the safest sort of diplomacy. Moreover, I knew my skipper. He did not want to know what I thought. Skippers hanging on a breath before the thrones of the winds ruling the seas have their psychology, whose workings are as important to the ship and those in her as the changing moods of the weather. The man, as a matter of fact, did not care a brass farthing for

what I or anybody else in the ship thought. He had had just about enough of it, I guessed, and what he was at really was a process of fishing for a suggestion. I knew his psychology. It was his pride that in all his life he had never wasted a chance, no matter how boisterous, threatening and dangerous, of a fair wind. Like men racing blindfold for a gap in a hedge we were finishing a splendidly quick passage from the antipodes with a tremendous rush for the Channel in as thick a weather as any I can remember. His psychology did not permit him to bring the ship to with a fair wind blowing; at least not on his own initiative. And yet he felt that very soon, indeed, something would have to be done. He wanted the suggestion to come from me, so that later on, when the trouble was over, he could argue this point with his own uncompromising spirit, laying the blame upon my shoulders. I must render him the justice that this sort of pride was his only weakness.

But he got no suggestion from me. I had my own stock of weaknesses at the time (it is a different one now), and amongst them was the conceit of being remarkably well up in the psychology of the westerly weather. I believed—not to mince matters—that I had a genius for reading the mind of the Great Ruler of high latitudes. I fancied I could feel already the coming of a change in his royal mood. All I said was:

"The weather will clear up with the shift of wind."

"Anybody knows that," he snapped at me at the highest pitch of his voice.

"I mean—before dark," I cried.

This was as much opening as he ever got out of me. The eagerness with which he seized upon it gave me the measure of the anxiety he had been laboring under.

"Very well!" he shouted with an affectation of impatience, as if giving way to long entreaties. "All right. If we

don't get a shift by then we will take that foresail off her and put her head under her wing for the night."

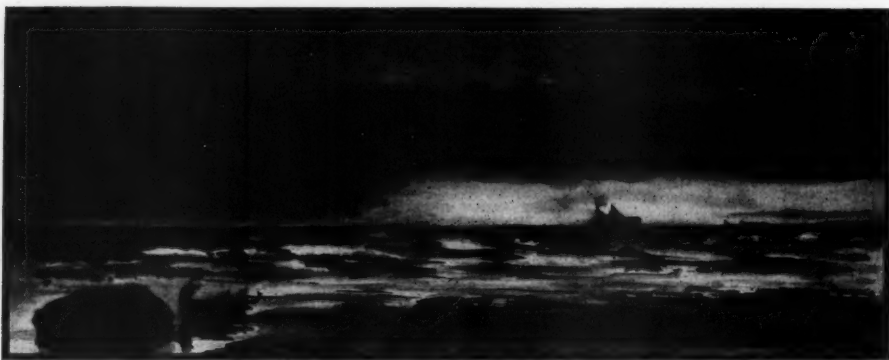
I was struck by the picturesque character of the phrase as applied to a ship brought to in order to ride out a gale with wave after wave passing under her breast. In a flash I could see her resting in the tumult of the elements like a sea-bird sleeping in wild weather with its head under its wing. It was the first and only time I have heard the expression used. Its imaginative force, its true feeling, make it one of the most charming sentences I have heard on human lips. But as to taking the foresail off that ship before we would "put her head under her wing," I had my grave doubts. They were justified. That long enduring piece of canvas was confiscated by the arbitrary decree of the west wind, to whom belong the lives of men and the contrivances of their hands within the limits of his kingdom. With the sound of a faint explosion it vanished into the thick weather bodily, leaving behind not so much as a strip big enough to be picked into a handful of lint for, say, a wounded elephant. Torn out of its bolt-ropes it vanished like a whiff of smoke in the smoky drift of clouds shattered and torn by the

shifting wind. For the shift had come. The unveiled sun glared angrily from a chaotic sky upon a confused and tremendous sea dashing itself upon a coast. We recognized it and looked at each other with a sort of dumb wonder. We had fetched up alongside the Isle of Wight, and that tower tinged a faint red in the salt-wind haze was the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Point.

My skipper recovered first from his surprise. His bulging eyes sank back, as it were, into their orbits. His psychology, taking it all round, was really very creditable for an average sailor. He had been spared the humiliation of laying his ship to with a fair wind, and then that man of an open and truthful nature spoke up in perfect good faith, rubbing together his rough, hairy hands—the hands of a master-craftsman upon the sea:

"Humph! that's just about where I reckoned we had got to."

The transparency and ingenuousness in a way, of that delusion, the airy tone, a hint of already growing pride, was perfectly delicious. But, indeed, this was one of the greatest surprises ever contrived by the double mood of the west wind upon one of the most accomplished of his courtiers.





# THE NOISY OLIVER

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Blaze at Beeson's," etc.

WHEN a claim for two thousand dollars insurance on Dan Oliver's house in the mountain district of Tennessee was presented, the officials of the company looked dubious. The risk had been accepted under a misapprehension. Dan Oliver was the most desperate and lawless member of a desperate and lawless family, but, in some unaccountable way, the name had escaped recognition. Possibly the local agent, with an eye to his commission, had not done his full duty. Anyhow, the risk had been accepted, and now a total loss claim was presented.

Deckler, the general manager, was so perturbed that he consulted Randall, the president.

"I don't believe the house was worth two thousand dollars when it was new," said Deckler, "and I don't believe it's an honest fire. The locality and the character of the man are all against it."

"What does the local agent say?" asked Randall.

"He merely reports the loss without comment."

"Wire him."

So Deckler wired the local agent, but no answering telegram came. Instead, a letter was received from him two or three days later.

"I guess you don't know Dan Oliver," the agent wrote, "if you think I'm going to cast any reflections on him by telegraph. There are too many people who want to keep on the good side of him by telling all they know. But the fire will certainly bear investigation. If you send any one down here, tell him to keep away from me. I want to live a little longer."

"That's a case for Oakes," said Randall, when he had read the letter.

Gifford Oakes had the advantage of looking and, for the most part, acting like a man who was not physically alert, which made his nerve and aggressiveness, when displayed, doubly disconcerting. This was no small advantage in some cases.

"It's only two thousand dollars," Deckler explained to him, just before he started, "but the circumstances make it one of the most ticklish cases we ever have had. You know something about the district, I suppose."

"I've heard of it," said Oakes.

"They don't reason very much, and they don't value human life very highly. If they think a man is standing between them and something they want they don't look beyond the man when they shoot, and they keep a pretty close watch on strangers. You'll have to be careful."

"As a general thing," remarked Oakes, "the real 'bad man' can be handled by one who goes at him with tactful frankness; it's the amateur 'bad man' who always wants to show his prowess. I'll try to be ready for trouble, but I can usually avoid it."

At Nashville Oakes began to hear a little of the Oliver case. The Olivers were notorious, and the fact that Dan Oliver's house had been burned was a subject of general gossip.

"He's the worst of a bad crowd," said the Nashville agent. "The rumor we get here is that the house was burned by a member of the family."

"For the insurance?" asked Oakes.

"Well, rumor has it that the family has split into factions, and that the faction opposed to Dan burned his house for revenge, but that may be a mere subterfuge. Very likely it was done for the

insurance, and the revenge story concocted when the source of the fire was discovered."

Oakes went on to Knoxville in thoughtful mood. If these rumors were correct, no insurance could be collected, for a man may not profit in that way by the act of a member of his family. But Dan Oliver would hardly see it that way, and the investigation promised to be a difficult and dangerous affair.

At Knoxville it was common talk that Bill Oliver had burned Dan Oliver's house and outbuildings.

"But the family always lines up solidly against all outsiders," explained the clerk at the hotel. "Dan will settle with Bill later, if Bill really did it, but he'll get the insurance first, and Bill will be as quick as any of them to get after the man who interferes. That's their way."

"How many of them are there?" asked Oakes.

"Six brothers, three of them with grown sons, and all living within a few miles of each other. No one cares to interfere with them very much. That has meant sudden death in the past, and they've all been indicted at various times, but somehow juries in that vicinity don't like to convict. There's talk of taking them to another county for trial next time, however. I guess most people would like to see it done."

Oakes went on to Hampden in still more thoughtful mood. Hampden was the nearest town, the headquarters of the Olivers when they felt the need of urban diversions. The people of Hampden talked softly and prepared to dodge when the Olivers appeared—not that the Olivers "shot up the town" promiscuously, as they do in the West, but they had occasional disagreements among themselves and with others, and no one could tell where the bullets might go.

Oakes went about his business quietly at Hampden, but he was soon conscious of the fact that he attracted considerable

attention. Strangers were few and far between, and the proprietor of the little two-story hotel lived principally on the receipts of his bar-room, although a few of the natives came to the hotel for their meals. Among these, Oakes soon discovered, was the man who had secured the risk and had sent in the report of the loss. He was a lawyer, but, there being little litigation, he gave most of his attention to the insurance business. He was the only one in the town who pretended to pay no attention to Oakes; the others were openly curious as to the mission of the stranger. Yet this young lawyer was really giving closer attention to the affair than any one else, as Oakes discovered late one evening. Out of the darkness, as he sat alone at the far end of the little porch, came the words, "The Olivers are coming to town to-morrow. Look out." Oakes turned quickly and saw the lawyer leaning over the railing a few feet away, gazing abstractedly down the street. "Everybody knows who you are," the voice added a moment later. Then the lawyer strolled away.

It was the second day after Oakes' arrival. He had been collecting such information as he could get and making his plans. It was necessary that he should see Dan Oliver, but he did not like the idea of going any deeper into the Oliver territory, so he had considered the advisability of asking Oliver to come to him. And Oliver was coming—with the other Olivers.

"Perhaps it's just as well," mused Oakes. "I've got to see him anyhow, but I wish he'd leave his family home. It's going to be awkward to tell six of them that the loss looks suspicious."

Oakes did not sleep very well that night. He had been in some ticklish places before, and he had learned to know and to handle men, but he was not a man who liked excitement of this sort. He was a good judge of human nature, but he could not forget that human na-

ture is uncertain at best and that there is always a chance for a costly mistake. Nevertheless, he dressed himself with his usual care in the morning, and merely took the precaution to sit with his back to the wall at breakfast. Then he smoked on the porch, and waited. In the pocket of his coat was a short-barreled revolver—for emergencies. The town had heard, and was waiting with some interest.

Presently there was noise and some excitement up the street.

"That's an Oliver," said the proprietor of the hotel, "and he's yelling."

"He seems to be a good yeller," commented Oakes, listening, "and I'm glad of that. There always seems to me to be some connection between yeller and yellow. The man who comes quietly is the man to look out for."

Although he voiced his honest convictions, Oakes regretted this the moment he had spoken. His plan was to avoid antagonizing the Olivers, as far as possible, but this yelling member of the family disconcerted him. There was likely to be little opportunity for argument and reason.

The yelling Oliver made it clear that he was looking for "that insurance man." The family had arrived at dawn and had scattered, to attend to various trifling matters before taking up the real business of the day. This one, however, had been principally occupied in an attempt to quench a perpetual thirst, and had finally decided to attend to the affair himself.

When he reached the hotel Oakes had risen and was leaning against a post. The yelling Oliver was waving a revolver, and was calling in most forceful and discourteous terms for the man who was trying to make out that the Oliver fire wasn't an honest one.

"I presume I am the man you mean," said Oakes quietly, "but you misunderstand my purpose."

The yelling Oliver turned on him

fiercely, and then laughed scornfully. As a matter of fact, the tall, thin, outwardly careless man he saw was so different from the man he had expected to see that the surprise disconcerted him more than his yelling had disconcerted Oakes. He had supposed, of course, that a fighter would be sent, and here was a quiet, well-dressed, soft-spoken gentleman, who probably did not even realize the dangerous nature of his mission. Naturally, the yelling Oliver could not know that he had carefully considered the inadvisability of shooting, except as a last resort, in view of the fact that other Olivers were in town.

"So you're the skunk that's come down here to beat an Oliver out of his money!" cried the yelling one when he had recovered from his surprise. "Well, I've come to town to settle that business right now. I'm an Oliver—the worst in the bunch!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Oakes.

"Pay over the money."

"I don't carry the money with me," explained Oakes. "I'm here merely to investigate and report—"

"Investigate hell!" broke in the yelling Oliver. "I guess you don't know *me*! I'm the wild man!" He suddenly poked his revolver right in Oakes' face. At that very moment Oakes had him covered with the revolver in his side pocket, but he kept his nerve. The yelling Oliver had no intention of shooting—then. "You make out a paper that'll get the money," he added, "or you'll go home in a box."

He drew the revolver back from Oakes' face, and then an extraordinary thing happened. With a lightning-like motion Oakes caught his pistol arm with both hands and gave it such a wrench that the yelling Oliver cried out with pain and dropped the revolver. Oakes had the weapon before the man could draw the knife that he reached for.

"Get out in the road!" ordered Oakes.

"Keep in the middle of it and keep going. If you swerve while you're in range I'll get you. If you want to come to Knoxville to-morrow, I'll talk insurance with you there. This doesn't seem to be a good place to do it."

Crestfallen, the yelling Oliver walked up the road until he was out of range, and then circled back to see the others of the clan. Much to Oakes' relief, none of those present seemed disposed to take any part in the affair. Indeed, there were some indications that the discomfiture of the "bad man" was rather pleasing to them.

"You'd better look out for Dan," one of them cautioned.

"I thought that was Dan," said Oakes.

"No," was the reply. "That was Bill. Dan is the king of the Olivers, and when he gets started there's trouble all along the line. But he don't like Bill very well."

Oakes' position was decidedly precarious. He had done what seemed to be necessary at the moment, but he had thought he was vanquishing the leader, and now he found that he had the really dangerous man yet to meet. To be truthful, it must be admitted that he began to think of ways of getting out of town in a hurry. He was careful not to show his anxiety, however. Then the proprietor of the hotel came to his rescue with a suggestion.

"Dan ain't such a bad feller, if you go at him right," he said. "If I was you, I'd go right over an' give him Bill's gun. It may tickle him. He always did think Bill yelled too much."

"Dan is quiet, then?" queried Oakes.

"Yes. Dan don't make much noise."

"That bears out my theory," remarked Oakes. "The quiet Oliver is the dangerous man, and the yelling Oliver is largely a bluff. Where is Dan?"

The proprietor pointed to a saloon half a block away on the other side of the street.

"He don't think it's polite to call on a man so early," he said. "He was comin' to see you later, but you better get to him before Bill comes circlin' back. Take him easy, though, an' keep your hands in sight. He shoots quick."

Oakes made a hurried mental review of the situation. Bill was popularly supposed to have fired his brother's house, but the clan would stand together against all outsiders and settle their personal differences later. This explained Bill's action, but it did not necessarily indicate that Dan was on cordial terms with his brother.

Somewhat pale, but with no other trace of the anxiety he felt, Oakes walked down the street until directly opposite the saloon, and then crossed over, followed by the crowd at a respectful distance. His idea was to approach openly, so that his peaceful intention could not be misunderstood, but he might have saved himself the trouble. It never occurred to Dan that this city man might look for him, and the first intimation he had of his presence was when he walked in the door. Oakes extended the revolver, butt to the front.

"Mr. Dan Oliver?" he said inquiringly, for there were several in the saloon.

"That's me," said Dan, instantly alert.

"Here is your brother's gun," remarked Oakes quietly. "I had to take it away from him."

"What!" cried Dan. "Whose gun?"

"Bill's, I think," replied Oakes.

"You took Bill's gun away from him!"

"I'm sorry, but I had to do it. He stuck it in my face. So I thought I'd better give it to you."

For a moment Dan seemed undecided what to do or say. Then he laughed boisterously.

"You took Bill's gun away from him!" he repeated. "Was Bill tryin' to make out he was a bad man?"

"He said he was the worst in the bunch."

Dan grew serious, almost angry, in a moment.

"Tradin' on my reputation again!" he exclaimed. "He's goin' to get killed doin' that some day. Jest because his name's Oliver he thinks he can scare folks. Did you kick him?"

"Why, no."

"I'm sorry 'bout that," said Dan regretfully. "He ought to be kicked. But you took his gun away—took Bill's gun away!" He laughed again. "Well, you're good enough to shake hands with Dan, anyhow, an' you're my guest here in Ham'den. Nobody fools with my guests very much. What'll you have?"

Oakes took the hand and a drink, although the latter was much like liquid fire; and, while they were drinking, Bill slipped in by a back door.

"Dan," said Bill, before he saw Oakes

Dan turned on his brother sharply.

"Where's your gun?" he demanded.

"Why, Dan—"

"You white-livered rat!" interrupted Dan, as he produced the revolver, "broke" it, and extracted the cartridges. "You been makin' out you're me, an' lettin' your gun be took away! That hurts *me*!" He handed the empty revolver to his brother. "You don't need nothin' in it. You're only a bluff anyhow. You ain't satisfied with burnin' my house, but you got to make out you're *me*!"

By this time Bill had recognized Oakes.

"Why, Dan," he protested, "that feller—"

"He's my friend," declared Dan. "Anybody that mixes up with him has got to settle with me. Hear that, everybody! I stand for him." He turned on his brother again. "An' he took your gun away! He's all right. He's an Oliver, an' you ain't. Nobody took his gun away, an' he didn't make out he was me, either. Go back home, Bill."

There could be no greater humiliation than this; there could be no more deadly insult. And having thus contemptuous-

ly disposed of his brother, Dan turned his back on him. No other would have dared to do so, fearing Bill's knife, but Dan's was the dominant spirit. Bill slunk away.

"I'm comin' over to talk to you friendly after a bit," said Dan to Oakes. "You're all right. You took Bill's gun away."

Oakes went back to the hotel to await the pleasure of the autocrat, and also to watch out for Bill. He was not disposed to place too much confidence in Dan's assurance that no one would dare interfere with him. Bill might be a coward, but he had been frightfully humiliated and might seek a sneaking revenge on the man he held responsible. Then, too, Oakes realized that Bill's mistake really had been one of judgment: he had been deceived by the outward appearance of gentleness and peace, and consequently had been guilty of carelessness.

Bill, however, did not come near him—and neither did Dan. Oakes, ever watchful, waited until dinner, dined with his back to the wall, and spent the afternoon in his little, shabby, uncomfortable room. It was not pleasant, this waiting and watching for—an uncertainty. If Dan drank too much he might forget his peaceful intentions; but he could not forget Bill. There were other Olivers in town, too, and they might not take Dan's view of the insult to their brother. The nervous strain had brought Oakes again to the consideration of the best method of leaving town, when he had a call from the proprietor of the tavern.

"Dan wants to see you," said the proprietor.

"Where is he?" asked Oakes.

"In jail," said the proprietor.

"What!" cried Oakes.

"They got him," explained the proprietor. "They been goin' to get him for a long time, an' they done it at last. Took him by surprise after you left him



this mornin' an' hustled him over to the next county afore there was a chance for a rescue."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"We don't do much talkin' when the Olivers are in town. Bill went home, but the others didn't. Dan sent back for you to come over."

Dan in jail proved to be a very different man from Dan at large. He had not lost his nerve, so far as his bearing toward his captors was concerned, but he was subdued and despondent.

"They got me," he said, "an' they ain't goin' to give me a show. They're goin' to put me through quick. All I want is a chance."

"What kind of a chance?" asked Oakes.

"A lawyer," explained Dan.

"Can't you get a lawyer?"

Dan took some change from his pocket and counted it out in the palm of his hand. There was just two dollars and seventeen cents.

"That's all I got in the world," he said. "You can't get a lawyer for that."

"Won't the court appoint a lawyer?"

"Oh, yes," wearily, "an' the lawyer the court picks out won't dare try to really get me off. They'd run him out if he did. They don't want me loose, an' they ain't goin' to give me a show to get loose. I got to have a lawyer that don't live here—that don't live near here. It ain't likely to do any good, but I want a fair show!" he declared desperately. "Now, you're a white man. You took Bill's gun away." Dan seemed unable to forget this, and it was the one ray of light in the gloom. He laughed at the recollection. "Bill burned my house," he went on. "It ain't right to make you pay me for what the fam'ly does, an' I was comin' over to tell you so. First I was goin' to make you pay; then you took Bill's gun away, an' I see I was wrong, an' you an' me would have fixed it up easy. But they got me—took six men an' a surprise to do it—an' I

got to have a lawyer. You ain't mean enough to let a man be put through without a show."

Oakes, sitting on the only chair in the cell, looked at the disconsolate figure on the edge of the bunk and was truly sorry for him. He might be a "bad man" in one way, but he was not so bad in others. He was certainly brave—the really brave member of the family, doubtless—and he spoke like a personally honest man. There could be no doubt that he had committed offenses against the law, and no doubt he deserved to be where he was, but he was without friends in this place at this critical moment. Furthermore, while he might not be able to collect on the policy he held, the only safe thing to do was to get possession of that policy.

"If I provide a lawyer for you, will you surrender the policy?" Oakes finally asked.

For answer Dan took the policy from his pocket and passed it over without question.

"You're a man," he said. "You'll do what you say. There's the policy. Get me a good lawyer."

Oakes shook hands with him and left, carrying the policy and leaving only an implied promise that he would secure a lawyer. But the circumstances made that promise as binding as any oath he could have taken.

"They'll land me anyhow," was Dan's parting remark, "but I'll feel better over havin' a lawyer to see that they don't play any tricks on me. I want it done proper."

A few weeks later Oakes got a letter, written by the penitentiary chaplain and signed with a scrawly "Dan."

"That Knoxville lawyer did the best he could," it read, "but they got me. I knew they would. He is a good lawyer just the same. He got me off with five years, and they had it fixed to give me twenty."

On the books of the company ap-

peared an entry something like this: "To settlement of loss, one hundred and fifty dollars attorney's fee."

"And it was a good job, in view of the circumstances," was the comment of Deckler. "Cheap enough."

"Yes," returned Oakes dryly. "If I had happened to mix up with the quiet

Oliver first, instead of with the yelling Oliver, it would have cost you more than that to ship me back here for burial. However, I have again had it demonstrated that the danger from a man is in inverse proportion to the amount of noise he makes. Still, I hope you haven't any more Oliver risks."

## KARL ENGEL, ADVENTURER

By DONALD KENNICOTT

Author of "In the Days of the Drought," etc.

UNDER the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself leans back in his chair, with his pudgy hands clasped over his fat stomach, and—dozes. The young reporter who stands on the street corner waiting for the car which is to bear him down to his daily tasks, for the hundredth time tells himself gloomily that the world is composed entirely of the *bourgeoisie*, and that Karl Engel in particular, dozing there in the butcher shop, is *bourgeois* to the *n*th power.

Whistling aggressively, Karl's assistant comes in from his belated luncheon and resumes his apron. The wholesaler's wagon backs up to the sidewalk, and Karl, bestirring himself to bicker with the driver concerning the choice of meats, presently staggers back into the shop under an imposing quarter of beef. With a mighty heave, he lifts it so that it shall catch the hook, and as it swings into place on the rack, he brings it to a standstill with a resounding slap that is really a caress, and murmurs to himself: "*Ach*, he was a fine fellow now. He come from *out there*."

For though Karl's body was cabined within the narrow precincts of a metropolitan meat-market, his soul fared far

abroad into the celestial spaces of the western wilds—into that fair, free, fabulous land of Bret Harte and large pistols, of Mayne Reid and savage beasts, of Harry Castleman and mad Mexicans. Out there the good, brave beef cattle roamed up and down, pawing the earth, until the circling "lasso" laid them low; out there the insidious Indian added arrows to one's person and rare zest to every enterprise; out there was gold and blood and fire—a man's world. *Ach, Himmel*, some day he would go, even he, Karl Engel, of Market Street, would go out there, away from beeves which were but stiff and bloodless simulacra, away from men who were but pale and soulless shadows, away from—yes, one must be prepared to make some sacrifices—away from the big brown glass at Kohlberg's on the corner.

With each recurring spring there came days when, occasion permitting, Karl would shuffle uneasily up and down the sawdusted floor of the shop, instead of dozing in his chair. Always then, Paul Ludwig, the assistant, who was ambitious to possess a shop of his own, would inquire quite pertinently why, then, he did not go out there. But always Karl would sigh gloomily, and defer the day of departure until his bank-account should have reached the definite and delectable sum of twenty-

five hundred dollars; and gradually the spring-time and the *Wanderlust* would wear away together.

Yet at last, on a rare, balmy day in March, there came news that the death of that far-away uncle which sets so many ambitions at liberty to vault, had placed to Karl's credit a multitude of marks, which, when translated into the good round dollars of the republic, brought the bank account well above the determined sum. Karl was now his own man; and Karl, after pacing up and down in the sawdust for a stormy hour, thumped down his fist upon the cleaver-block, and spoke with the stern voice of mighty resolve. He would go; to-morrow he would go, and Paul Ludwig must run the shop and hire a new assistant.

Sleepless hours of preparation ensued. First the making of his will, in which, as a childless widower, he bequeathed the bank-account to his brother's little girls and the shop to the faithful Paul Ludwig. Next, the packing of the ancient leather trunk—an operation that for years he had rehearsed and secretly prepared for. Side by side in its capacious depths were tucked the Mackinac blanket-suit which he had bought nine years before, on hearing its cold-resisting virtues praised by a reformed lumber-jack in Kohlberg's back room; the slashed Mexican trousers of black velveteen which six years before he had seen worn at the masked ball of the County Democracy, and had astutely traced back to the costumers whence they came; the low-heeled farmer's boots which he had observed in the window of a shop near the Union Station; the harmless, necessary red handkerchief, and the smoked goggles with which to combat the desert sun. With them, too, were placed the "lasso" which on a glad, golden day long ago, while over at the "yards" to pay his bills, Karl had seen fall from the saddle of one of the yard herders; the big pistol upon which he

had looked with covetous eyes for months, as it lay in the dusty pawn-shop window, until he had seen another customer considering it and had been frightened into immediate purchase; and last—but, oh, not least—the long, brass-mounted target rifle, with its exaggerated butt-plate and fore-end handle, with which Karl, at the monthly meeting of the *Schützenverein*, given a solid rest and six minutes in which to aim, would pot the bull's-eye with a precision altogether appalling.

Remained but to purchase the ticket. And this at first was a difficulty, for neither Don Carlos' Rancho, nor "a lonely log cabin gilded by the rays of the declining sun," nor—alas—Dead Man's Gulch, are to be found upon the folders of any railroad. Yet here Karl showed himself to be a man of resource and worthy of great emprise. He bought a ticket clear to the coast, and set out with the brave determination to choose his place of debarkation from the car window. Thus it happened that on a windy day in March Don Quixote of the Market, squireless and clad incredibly, rode out of the picturesque little New Mexican town of Medilla upon a rocking old Rosinante for which he had paid four prices, bearing across his saddle-bow the long brass-mounted rifle of the *Schützenverein*. Upon his brow was the black frown of dire discomfort and of high purpose, but in his heart welled up the all-pervading joy of attainment. Would but the Fates be kind!

A road was their instrument—a kindly, devious road that avoided alike the base-ball park just outside of town, the farm-houses along the river, and the near-by grove, where at that very moment an unmistakable Sunday-school picnic was rioting in infinite ice-cream. Out over rocky, sun-scorched hills, and through dusty, barren valleys, the road led him, and Fancy peopled their desolate solitudes with all the puppets of our latter-day romance. The up-tossed dust



TO HIM THAT BIT OF ROCK PICTURED WHOLE TROOPS OF SWARTHY VILLAINS

of the road was redolent of blood and battle; the lowing of distant cattle was clamorous of midnight raid and deadly stampede; gold glistened in each crystalline pebble. And when a string of steers passed over the brow of a neighboring hill, the heart of Karl Engel was uplifted as at sight of uncovered treasure, and he fingered his "lasso" with longing and—doubt.

A roadside cross, carved on a boulder fifty years before, by devout Mexicans, who thought thereby to commemorate some soon-forgotten scalp-lifting, then caught Karl's eye. Instantly he dismounted, and after a pious prayer for the repose of these unshriven souls, spent a rapturous hour in fingering the time-

worn inscription and speculating upon the tumultuous day it recorded. To him that bit of rock pictured whole troops of swarthy villains in velvet, a dark-eyed maiden radiant with all allurements, and an heroic cavalier whose plunging steed bore a double burden from out the smoke of battle.

The road beckoned. Just over the crest of a rock-strewn ridge, it brought him suddenly upon a windmill, solitary, gigantic, mysterious. The cattle, for whom its office was to pump water, were far abroad in the hills; no human habitation was in sight; the murmur of the faint noonday wind in the motionless sails whispered dark tales of murder and of massacre. Unguided, Rosinante

sought the water-trough; Karl dismounted stiffly, and, after slaking his own thirst, fell to munching the crackers and sardines that he had regretfully substituted for the unpurchasable glories of pemmican and jerked buffalo tongue. Then strolling warily about, he came suddenly upon a thing which brought him up short, open-mouthed and saucer-eyed. A small thing, too. Fact would have described it as the ashes of a camp-fire built about a dead yucca, the bones of a calf that had been roasted thereon, the empty shell of the cartridge that had been expended to slaughter the beast, and a pair of cast-off boots. Fancy told another tale: of the lonely home of an adventurous pioneer; of demoniac war-whoops at dead of night; of yelling savages leaping in glee around the flames that flared about their victim at the stake. Fascinated, Don Quixote tip-toed gingerly closer; furtively he slipped in his pocket, as a memento, the empty shell; furiously he vowed vengeance on the first misguided redskin that ventured to cross his path.

Alluringly the road led on, over hill and dale, ridge and arroyo. A mile or so beyond the enchanted windmill Don Quixote pulled in his Rosinante with a jerk, for unmistakably he heard the sound of "footsteps approaching on horseback." A moment, and then a solitary horseman appeared trotting down the road toward him, and his heart beat fast for joy. It might have been Alkali Ike; it might have been Chickasaw Charlie, perhaps even Billy the Kid, but, after all, Karl decided for Deadwood Dick. Fact, indeed, knew the rider for old man Johnston's tenderfoot nephew, garbed in the remarkable attire affected by his kind—harmful and unnecessary *chaparejos*, the widest of wide sombreros, and the pearl-handled, nickel-plated revolver whose very shadow is taboo. Perhaps he, too, in his small-souled way, was Don Quixote—further exemplifying the truth of Mr. Oscar

Wilde's paradox that literature is not the criticism of life so much as life is the criticism of literature.

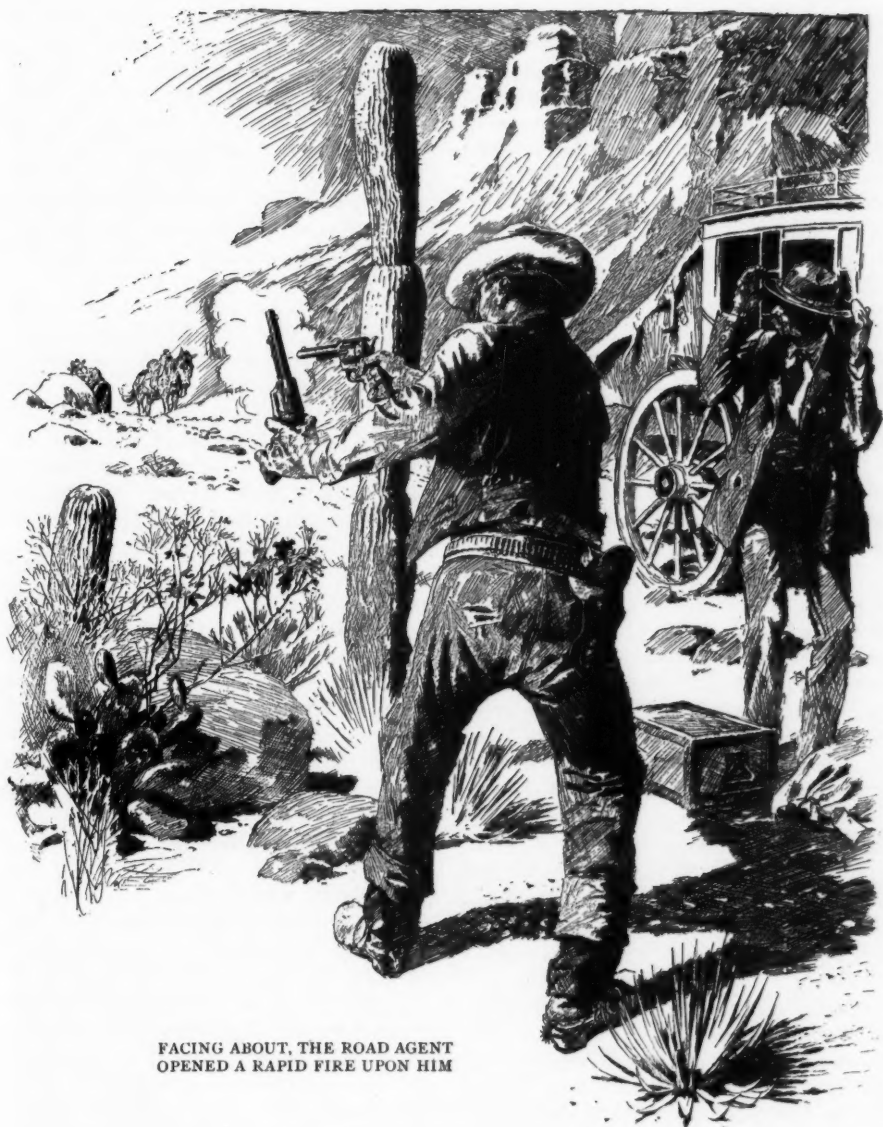
"Good evening, partner," remarked Deadwood Dick with easy nonchalance.

"Howdy, stranger," returned Don Quixote in a ready but awe-stricken whisper, and when the youth had passed turned to look after him. Deadwood Dick beyond the shadow of a doubt; his hatband was the skin of a rattlesnake.

The road wound on, endless, enticing, pregnant of all adventure. Dusk came, and with it the friendly light of a ranch-house. Yet still the ardent spirit of Don Quixote granted his weary body no rest, for Fact and Fancy still dallied with one another distantly. He had drawn close to the house, and warm visions of hospitable bed and board swam in his mind, when suddenly Clamor came, and in her train were Tumult and Uproar, Turmoil and Riot. Shadowy forms danced madly about in the faint moonlight, shooting incontinently, yelling horribly, beating pans. Fact had it that the occupant of the house having that day been married, his friends were indulging themselves in the indelicate Western custom known as a "chivaree"—assailing the nuptial abode with a sort of epithalamial chorus of hideous noises until the groom shall appear with brown jugs of sedative liquors. Fancy, however, knew well that here was a wild night of battle; hoarse shouts of blood-thirsty outlaws; deafening detonations of musketry; throbbing tom-toms of savage allies; groans of wounded, sighs of dying; rapine, pillage, slaughter.

With no thought of retreat, but in pitiable perplexity as to the identity of friend and foe, Don Quixote made ready his weapons and urged Rosinante hither and thither about the borders of the *melée*. The uproar waxed terrific, culminating in a vast and universal ululation of victory, when Benedict, yielding at last, brought forth his tribute to the turbulent disciples of Bacchus. A noisy





FACING ABOUT, THE ROAD AGENT  
OPENED A RAPID FIRE UPON HIM

division of the spoils followed, and Karl was edging in closer, when an unsteady figure staggered toward him, engaged in a furious combat with his own shadow. The shadow became superimposed upon Don Quixote, and it occurred to the befuddled warrior to dis-

charge his pistol in close proximity to the ear of Rosinante. The result was retreat, inglorious, unstayed, incontinent; and when Karl at length pulled in his trembling steed, darkness and silence enveloped him.

Yet at last stern Fact took nimble

Fancy to wife, and their offspring was Adventure. Crouching by the roadside over a fire of brushwood he had with difficulty constructed, Karl passed a sleepless night, obsessed by a haunting dread that though the gods might vouchsafe to him a Pisgah sight of these, their promised glories, they would deny him participation. And at dawn, when he mounted stiffly and spurred the unwilling Rosinante onward, his heart was very heavy. Then it was, however, that he attained and achieved.

For, lo! out of what could but be Dead Man's Gulch there appeared an undeniable stage-coach, drawn by six quick-trotting mules. It debouched upon the main road, overtook Karl and passed him in a cloud of glorious dust. It does not matter that the normal function of this vehicle had long since been usurped by a forty-horsepower Mercedes; nor that it now served merely as a reliable and dust-proof carriage in which to transport from the railway station the superintendent of the Golden Eagle mine, the monthly satchel stuffed with pay-envelopes and an occasional visiting stockholder. Nor is it even of importance that the man who stood waiting with drawn revolvers behind a boulder, a little farther on, was not a recrudescant road-agent, but a discharged gang-foreman, seeking at once revenge and recuperated fortune. Reality and appearance were in all fundamentals identical.

And so when Don Quixote, relentlessly spurring Rosinante forward in the hope of one last glimpse, galloped over the crest of a little ridge, he saw before him a true, real and indubitable stage-coach robbery—the three hapless passengers standing with uplifted hands at the mercy of the menacing weapons in the hands of a lone, masked bandit. The supreme moment had come, yet Don Quixote did not hesitate, for his part in the drama was all too obvious. Instantly

he slid down from the unstable back of Rosinante, and, kneeling, rested upon a rock the long, brass-bound rifle of the *Schützenverein*. Facing about, the road-agent opened a rapid fire upon him, but Karl did not hasten unduly. Four times the bandit fired, and though he missed, received no reply; the fifth bullet from his revolver, striking Karl in the hip, spun him over in the dust unconscious. But in that same instant, the long target rifle had spoken also, and its word was deadly.

Thus briefly ended Don Quixote of the Market his knight errantry. For though the mine superintendent caused him to be cared for most tenderly, yet even when he emerged from the delirium of the initial fever it appeared that he was not wholly sane. And it was therefore deemed best to send him, under the care of a doctor, to that address which, along with some moneys, was found in a curious old wallet under his shirt. Thither he came safely, and when he had been nursed back to health by his brother's wife, he told a tale of his adventures in that far, free, fabulous Western land, which they needs must believe even as he did, for he bore its proof upon his person.

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the meat-market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself, his right leg extended stiffly, leans back with his pudgy hands clasped over his stomach and dozing, dreams of the poignant and passionate life *out there*, all of which he saw, part of which he was. The young reporter who stands on the street corner, waiting for the car which is to bear him down to his daily perambulations, looks into the shop at the dormant figure of Karl Engel, and for the thousandth time tells himself gloomily that the world is populated exclusively by the unimaginative *bourgeoisie*.

# STOLEN THUNDER

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

BURTON was a lightweight. But, as I learned to my sorrow, this did not prevent women from taking to him. What they saw in him was a mystery. He was neither good looking nor intellectual, nor rich, yet for some reason he pleased the other sex. To be sure, he had good manners and was innocuously pleasant—but then, so many men have good manners and are innocuously pleasant that it can hardly be deemed an asset of great value. He was sentimental—ah, that was it! Assuredly, he understood the art of falling in love, deeply, irretrievably—for the time being. Within limits, it mattered little who the woman might be—were Burton's affections nascent, as the chemists put it, they were hers for the asking, or for a glance. It was an imperative need of his nature to be in love. To the unexpected observer there seemed danger of the failure of the supply of available spinsters; but Burton's skill in discovering fresh recipients for his regard was equaled only by the inexhaustibility of his affection. Nature had endowed him liberally in this respect.

I had had long experience with Burton as a lover, and I had seen him in the rôle of songster, horseman and cyclist, according to the demands of the passing courtship; but there remained still one rôle in which I was to make his acquaintance—that, namely, of poet. Unfortunately for myself, I was gifted with a certain facility in rhyming, sufficient to enable me to please myself and occasionally the editor of a minor magazine, but inadequate to more serious purposes. Naturally, my friends were aware of my versifying proclivities—what poet's friends are not?—and among these was Burton. I was, therefore, not surprised by his initial remark one Sunday morn-

ing when he had looked me up at breakfast—"You write verse sometimes, don't you, Fahnestock?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally," I said, "when the humor strikes me."

"I see—humph! Well, how does the humor strike you now?"

"Now?" I cried. "Why, man, I couldn't write a verse now to save my soul. Why do you ask me?"

"We-ell," he replied, avoiding my eye, "you see, I'm—I'm—"

"Yes, you're—you're what?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Fahnestock, I've been trying to write a poem myself, but somehow it doesn't go quite right. I'm afraid I've lost the hang of it."

"Oh, I see! there's a woman in the case, is there?"

"A queen, Fahnestock, a queen!"

"Humph! I've heard of queens before. However, let me see the poem."

Nervously he fumbled at his pocket, from which at last he extracted a sheet of carefully folded foolscap paper, which he held out to me.

"I'm afraid—you know—it's a little bit incomplete still," he stammered, blushing, "but it'll give you an idea."

"Yes," I said, "it'll give me an idea."

Thereupon I unfolded the paper and spread it out before me.

"Seeking"—humph! I've seen worse titles. 'The breeze for the rose is sighing'—'gold is her hair and her eyes are brown'—That's all right, Burton, and no doubt strictly true, but unfortunately the meter's a trifle variable; and, you know, there's a foolish prejudice against a too frequent change of meter."

"Yes, I know," said my visitor; "that's the reason I came to you."

"Oh, I see—you want me to whip it into shape for you; is that it?"

Eagerly he nodded.

"And you say she's a queen?"

"Fahnestock, she's the one woman in the whole world; she is without a peer; there has never been anybody like her, and there never will be; she's—"

"Whoa!" I cried, "go lightly! Remember Genevieve."

"Fahnestock!" he cried, reproachfully, "I thought you incapable of such a thing!"

"Well, so I am in general, but acute attacks require heroic measures. But to come back to the poem; what is it, exactly, that you want me to do?"

"I want you to take it, old man, and get the meter right and the rhymes and the rest of it,—just touch it up a little—and then—"

"And then you'll send it to her as your own—eh?"

He nodded.

"Burton," I said, sternly, "this is forgery, swindling, obtaining affection under false pretenses. I ought not to abet you in such nefarious undertakings—but give it here; I suppose I've got to do it for you."

"Oh, Fahnestock," he began, "I shall never forget this! You are my friend for ever—"

"Give me the poem," I said, drily, "and go into the other room while I try to whip it into some sort of shape."

In this I succeeded better than might have been expected. Indeed, "Seeking" turned out in the end to be a far better poem than many that I have had printed; it was instinct with passion. This may seem strange, but the explanation is simple enough—while writing I called up before my mind the face of her to whom I fain would have had the right to indite such words, the face of Madeline Carter, whose very name had power to thrill me, and without whose smile life held but faint charm. And, lo! when I thought of her the words flowed from my pen as though I, too, had been born in Arcady.

Was it to be wondered at, then, that

Burton was delighted with my effort, and departed with protestations of eternal gratitude? I smiled as I saw him hastening down the street, impatient to reach home and copy the verses and send them off to his lady-love as the product of his own brain. Madeline Carter—Francis Burton! Could there be a more incongruous pairing? Burton, light, flippant, inconstant; and Madeline, calm, true and unchanging. It seemed almost a desecration to her to associate them together even in one's mind. I could picture to myself the style of girl who had captured Burton's heart and smiled in thought of the superiority of my choice.

My own love affair quickly came to a climax, and, alas! to an unsatisfactory climax. Madeline had come on to New York for a visit, and I lost no time in pressing my suit. For a while she seemed to hesitate, then one unhappy evening she gave me her answer, and my house of cards lay in ruins at my feet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fahnestock, very sorry," she said, in that gentle manner in which good women inflict unavoidable pain, "but what you ask is impossible—I have already given my heart."

"Oh!" I cried, "then, of course, there is nothing more to say," and I arose and moved to the window.

"Don't you care to know to whom I am engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, if you care to tell me."

"To a Mr. Burton, from Virginia."

"What!" I cried. "What Burton?—not Francis?"

"Why, yes! Do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" I groaned, "do I know him? Lord, this is awful! You wouldn't marry that man?"

"Mr. Fahnestock!" she cried, and every drop of blood left her face, "you forget yourself! Do you realize what you are saying?"

For a moment we stood looking fixedly into each other's eyes. Then my sanity returned, and I bowed my head.

"You are right, Miss Carter," I said,

"I did forget myself. I was mad with disappointment. Please attribute it to that. It shall never occur again."

Therewith I got me out of her presence as quickly and gracefully as I could, and hastened into the silent night to be alone with my grief. Madeline Carter to marry Francis Burton!—it seemed like a monstrous joke. And I had not even known of their acquaintance!

Madeline was too gentle and forgiving to treasure up my outbreak against me, and when my wound had healed, at least superficially, we drifted into a state of friendship which to the eyes of strangers was founded on a mutual regard as platonic as it was sincere. Not only that, but on the occasion of her marriage with Burton, which occurred in New York, I served in the capacity of "best" man, and at the breakfast afterward it was my voice which brought out the toast to the newly wedded pair. And later, after she and her husband had returned from their wedding trip and had settled down into the steady course of married life, I gradually came to hold the position of a friend of the family who is always welcome and adapted to the rôle of confidant. Burton was still the same superficial, light-brained butterfly that he had always been, although I must do him the justice to say that his devotion to his wife was exemplary. That is, it would have seemed exemplary had it not been rewarded by a devotion so much greater and deeper that it shrank into insignifi-

cance. Madeline's admiration for her husband was boundless. She never wearied of talking about him. In her eyes he possessed all the virtues and talents, and if the world did not reward these as they deserved, it was solely because the world was not run on principles of justice. It was touching.

"I only wish he would take up his writing again," she said to me one evening when we were alone, during Burton's absence at the office. "I am sure he has great talent for it."

"Oh, is that so?" I replied, wondering whence she had derived this fond conceit.

"Yes, he can write most beautifully, if he only has a mind to, especially poetry. One thing he wrote me before our engagement is exquisite. Wait a moment, and I'll show it to you."

Without waiting for my reply, she ran across the room to her desk and took out a paper from one of the pigeonholes. This she unfolded and handed to me.

"There, see if you don't think that beautiful."

With a premonition of the truth, I cast my eyes on the paper. "Seeking"!—it was my poem which had come back to me after many days! Silently I read the familiar lines, and then returned the paper to her.

"Yes," I said, "it is charming. Only a man who loved you very deeply could have written that."

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would appreciate it."





MEN  
WOMEN AND  
AFFAIRS

## OUR OWN TIMES

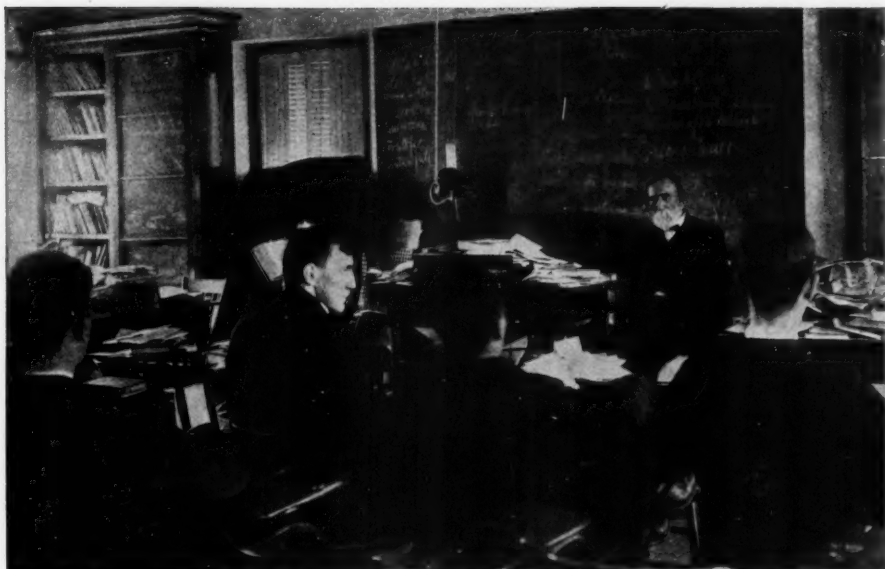
BOOKS  
THE ARTS AND  
THE DRAMA

ON one subject every one has thought during the past few months—the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case. It is therefore the more difficult to discuss, to one who feels that no one knows all about even the simplest thing. Back of Orchard and the men on trial have stood three greater figures—a great labor union, a great organization of mine owners, and a great detective agency, feeding upon their disagreements. Still greater, like a dim and tenuous genius of evil, lowers the frowning portent of the Labor Question—the Sphinx with her fateful riddle. A vast host of men honestly look upon Orchard as a hired perjurer, the arrest of the prisoners as criminal kidnapping, the trial as a conspiracy in which the governors of Colorado and Idaho have obeyed the command of their mine-owning masters to murder the officers of the Western Federation of Miners on the gallows and wreck the union. Another host of men honestly believe, and always will, that the union is, and has been, an agency of murder, intimidation and anarchy, operated by a terrible inner circle of desperate men who have molded the organization into a treasonable order, the existence of which is a menace to the state.

That both sides have at different times been both lawless and murderous stands proved. Where this is true, the placing of the preponderance of blame is a useless and impossible task. The point of tremendous significance is this: For years civil war has now smoldered, now burst forth into flame, in the mountain region, and our institutions have given to the people who are concerned only that right prevail and that democracy live, no power to stamp it out or pour on it the quenching water of justice. These miners, as a class, do not deserve to be hunted like wolves. These mine owners are not, as a class, miscreants who like the work of corrupting states, killing and imprisoning work-

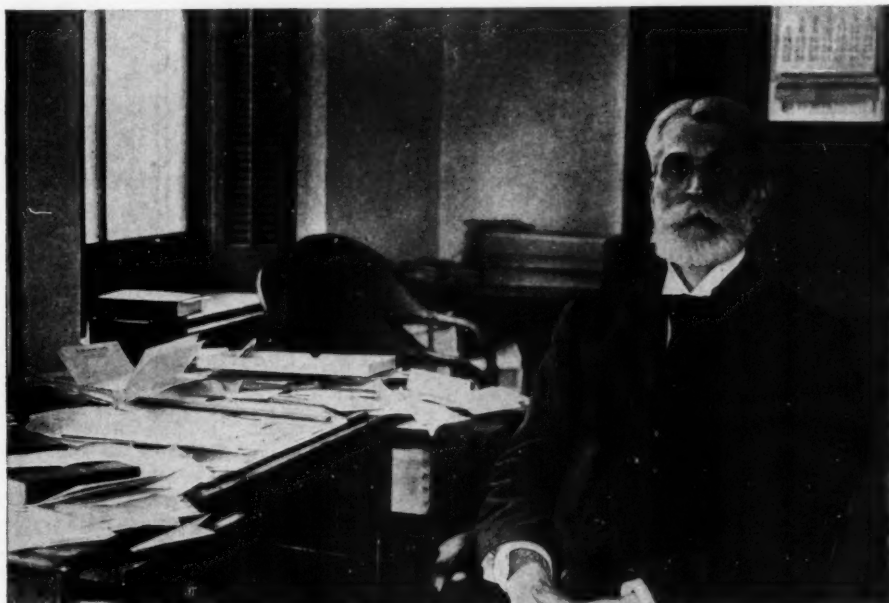
ingmen, and overturning republican government for the sake of dividends. The two forces are thrown together in an industrial contest which both sides dread and each would gladly avoid. The miners find ready a host of unemployed men to take their places under any conditions. The mine managers see most clearly the legal right to operate their mines under any conditions, giving the workers the legal right to accept them or go and work elsewhere. But the law does not meet the occasion. There must be some way out of this struggle, which has only begun. Let us look beyond Orchard, beyond the accused men, beyond the Federation, beyond the Pinkertons and their spy system, to the great principle that we have the right to establish in our midst some system of industrial organization which will bring results better than these; and let us never cease to search until we find it.

JUST at this season of the year, when every one is talking about Nature, and trying his best to get out of town where he may Commune with Her, it seems fitting to put in a word "on the town side," as Charles Lamb phrased it. It is exceedingly difficult for one who loves his fellow man to understand why Nature should be supposed to include the vegetable and mineral kingdoms only. Why a cabbage should be more natural than a dog, or a pine than a man, or the sea than the city, or the mountains than an army it is not easy to see. A caravan surely has as much place in the scheme of creation as an oasis; and a thronged ship is precisely as natural as an island. It has been the fashion of late years to assume that forests were better company than men. There has been an affectation of solitude. As an editorial writer put it the other day, "Almost every man one meets has a bungalow on the brain," and thinks he wants to go off where he can see nobody, and where he can commune with



FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH, LL. D., D. C. L., L. H. D., Litt. D.

"Lafayette's Grand Old Man," who has taught in Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, for fifty-one years and is still teaching regularly at the age of eighty-two



ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, D. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

Lafayette celebrated this June its "Diamond Jubilee," the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. Under President Warfield an endowment fund of a half million dollars has been raised to enlarge the work of the college

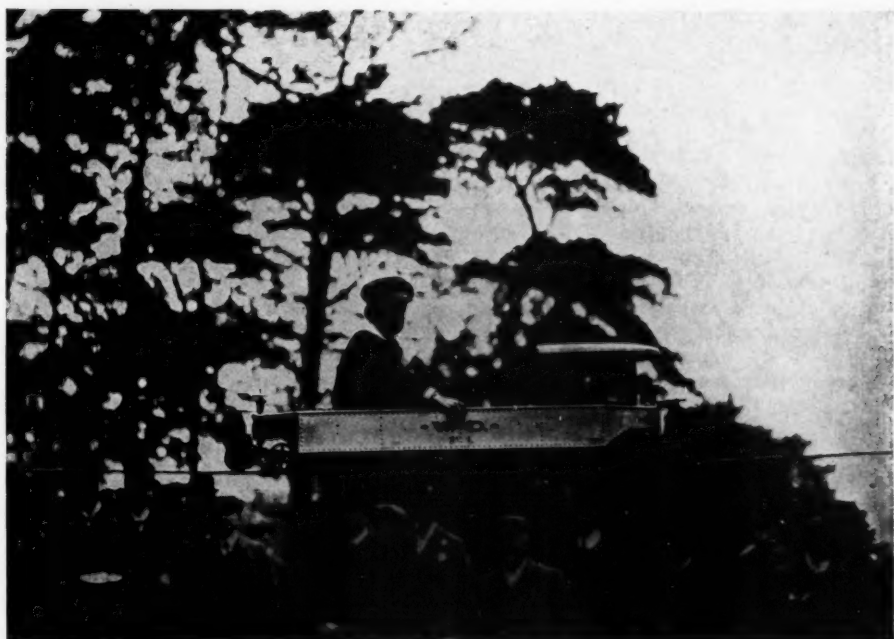
foliage. Now foliage is very fine, whether it shows itself in bosky underbrush, or flaunts itself from the top of majestic trees. Blue, purple and iridescent mists are fine things, too, whether they are seen glorifying the sides of mountains, or adding to the mystery of the sea, or deepening the sacred recesses of the wood. Stars and the moon, and the flaming sun at dawn are as fine—well, as fine as they make 'em—when seen over the expanses of the silent plain or witnessed from some grave mountain height. We know all this. We have been there—been in the forests of redwood, been on the silent vastness of the Pacific and on the green-blue deeps of the Atlantic, been in tropic seas, green as pale emeralds, and have seen the unspeakable blue of the northern oceans about Point Barrow. We have seen deserts fringed with rainbow mists, twisting and writhing like the scarfs of Titania; we know the wonder of the rolling grassy plains, have seen the terrible splendor of the greater mountains and the friendly beauty of the lesser ones. We have lived on beautiful islands, and tried the solitude of the baked adobes of the yellow wilderness; and we say, after a good many years of reflection, that the town seems wonderfully natural, and that no combination of anything the vegetable and mineral kingdom can offer can, after all, come up to man. When it comes to us, let us have "poor human nature," please. The very "poorness" of it commends it. We like it that way. We are that way ourselves. There is something in the way it sits down beside you, at your hearth—though your fire burns low and your cupboard holds nothing for tomorrow—that is worth all the vegetables in the world, no matter whether you call them pines or palms.

It takes a good deal of courage to start in on a defense of Town in August, when the town is, so to speak, the under dog. No one has a good word for it. It is made hateful by the accumulated evil suggestion of hundreds of thousands of gastric pessimists and lazy folk who think they are tired, and durable brain workers who think they are fagged, and by women who have been bored at home, and who have gone to their comparatively manless retreats to be bored worse than before—yes, bored in spite of the utmost the milliner and modiste have been able to do for them.

Charles Lamb already has been referred to in this paragraph, and it may be well to quote him further. "In this self-condemned obliviousness," he writes from the country; "in this stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. I die hard, a stubborn Eloise in this detestable Paraclet. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dullness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. Oh, let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse, sweet and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, playhouses, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence."

Now, while one would rather be excessive with Charles Lamb than moderate in wiser company, yet we admit, as between friendly contestants and covert sympathizers, that he was as extreme as he was exhilarating in his statement of the case. You who are in the country will, no doubt, still hold to your advocacy of it. You think you like the whispering of trees and rivers better than the swift storm of the violins in the overture; you fancy dawn is more to you than woman, stars better than neighbors, the business of the night and day more essential than that of the street, and the wind over the empty places sweeter than the grasp of a friend's hand. Well, think so! We who take no vacation—and who couldn't get one if we wished—have our own notions about the matter. And don't one of you impertinent, white-flanneled idlers, or you khaki-coated trail followers, fancy that you detect in our theme of debate anything of the vinous flavor of the imperfectly ripened Concord of commerce!

THE absence of real party issues to-day is emphasized by Senator Knox's speech at the Yale commencement. In his demand that the power of Congress to regulate commerce be recognized as ceasing with matters of commerce, and as having no application to pure manufacturing, he joins issue



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TWO VIEWS OF A MINIATURE BRENNAN GYROSCOPIC MONORAIL CAR IN OPERATION

with Senator Beveridge and Mr. Bryan, both of whom favor the extension of the meaning of the interstate commerce clause so as to allow Congress to deny the right to manufacturers who fail to accept the rules laid down by Congress in such things as child labor, for instance. "The constitution," said Senator Knox, "is not to perish at the hands of the phrase maker." This cut is the punishment Bryan and Beveridge receive for their skilful use of words. "The constitution," said Knox, "has been preserved by the people through the most gigantic and tragic war of modern times." The only just criticism to be made on this statement is that it lacks foundation in fact. The war preserved the union, but so made it over that its character was metamorphosed. The amendments forced into the constitution at the close of the war changed it completely. Suddenly, on the heels of the war, the constitution became the instrument under which we are chiefly governed in our most important relations. The problem now is so to

democratize our national government as to enable the will of the people to operate it; for, while strengthened as a governing instrument, it is still an unyielding fortress for privilege—as is well shown by Senator Knox's use of it in his eloquent plea to the country to do nothing lest we ruin the constitution. The do-nothings can always find constitutional warrant for their obstructionism.

NO invention of recent years has aroused such universal interest as the single-rail car designed by Louis Brennan, C. B., the well-known inventor of the Brennan torpedo. The Royal Society of Great Britain, though a conservative body, has shown itself enthusiastic to an almost unbelievable degree, and the government is so convinced of the brilliancy and practicability of Mr. Brennan's discovery that it is placing a large sum of money at the inventor's disposal, while the war department is constructing the rail necessary for the practical test of the car, near



Photo by N. Lazanick, New York

#### NEW YORK'S FEARFUL REMINDER OF THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON

The striking drivers of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City returned to work July 24, after a period of five days in which garbage accumulated in heaps on the narrow streets of the East Side, and threatened to spread pestilence among the congested humanity of the tenement quarter. So far the Health Board reports a fortunate absence from sickness and death.



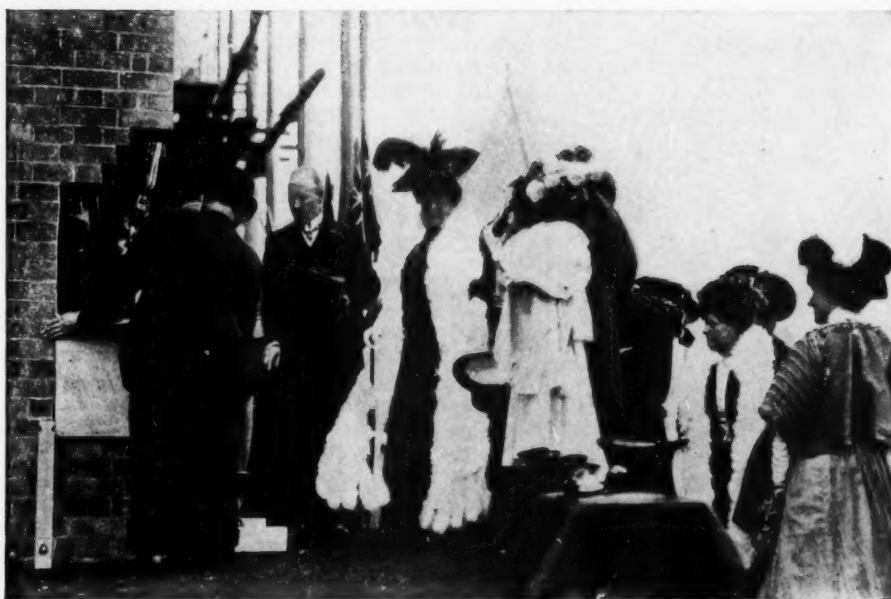


Photo by the P.-J. Press Bureau, Philadelphia

MME. MELBA LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ELEVEN-ACRE GRAMOPHONE FACTORY BUILDING AT HAYES, ENGLAND

Mr. Brennan's home. This new style car is to be at least twelve feet wide; it is to run upon a single rail; it represents an enormous reduction in the proportion of friction, and it is calculated to preserve its balance regardless of the character of the load it carries, the wind pressure, the turning of corners, or the shifting of the load. It stands still with as much surety of balance as it travels—and its traveling capacity will probably be about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Mr. Brennan has been engaged upon this work for thirty years, his desire being to reduce the friction of trains, realizing, as he did, that only about one-twelfth per cent. of the power generated by the present style locomotive is actually used in drawing a train. The motive power for the new engine may be steam, coal oil, gasoline or electricity, as is considered most suitable for local conditions. The rails are to be of the same weight as the rails in ordinary roads, and the ties half the length now used. The bridges would be of the simplest possible construction: a single wire hawser stretched across a ravine or river being all that is necessary for temporary

work. The lateral swaying of the hawser does not disturb the balance of the cars, and the strongest winds will fail to blow them off.

It will be several months before the line and full-sized car are completed, but it is within the reach of possibility—nay, of probability—that the experiment will prove to be the success that the inventor, the Royal Society and the English government now anticipate. In which event, a transformation of civil engineering must begin. Mr. Brennan dreams of transcontinental lines, furnished with traveling hotels, with rooms fifteen to twenty feet wide, in which travelers may be carried, in luxury and safety, at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour!

THE killing of people on railways continues to make a horrible record. Rather more than a death for every hour of the day, and ten persons maimed for every sixty minutes is something a people not seared against slaughter should find to trouble sleep until it is remedied. Every ninety minutes there is a collision or derailment. During a year there is one of these accidents for every six-



Photo by Window &amp; Grove London

FREDERICK HARRISON  
The distinguished British critic

teen miles of track. Of employes of railways one out of every twenty-eight is injured every year, and one out of three hundred and seventy-one is killed. If this is true of railway employes in general, the risk in the more hazardous branches of the business must be terrific. If the people killed and maimed were placed along the trackage of the United States at regular intervals, there would be a fresh grave every twenty-one miles, every year, and a cripple every two or three miles. In twenty-one years the gravestones would become milestones, if the slaughter goes on, and the maimed would be within an ordinary city block of each other along every mile of right-of-way. Such battles as Bull Run, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Gettysburg fill us with horror and consternation, as we hear or read of windrows of slain, streams running red to the sea, and the sickening waste of human life. But for the year ending March 31, 1906, the railways of the United States killed and wounded ninety-five thousand, eight hundred and one people, while the killed, wounded and missing of both Confederates and Federals for

the battles of Gettysburg, Shiloh and the first battle of Bull Run all combined amount to the less heart-breaking total of ninety-two thousand, three hundred. The worst (or best) of it is, that other nations run their railways without this daily carnage. Why do not we?

"THE New Theology," by R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, and "The Creed of a Layman," by Frederick Harrison, are two books which are not only interesting in themselves, but serve as convenient indices of a movement much broader and more meaningful than those which they expound. Most of us who are sensitive to the wireless currents of intellectual and emotional feeling which are, so to speak, in the air, are conscious of a certain widespread, but as yet subtle, change in the attitude of the day toward religion. There is a certain expectancy, a belief, indefinite and unformulated, but none the less present, in the approaching appearance, somehow and from somewhere, of an adequate and actually regenerative inspiration. The feeling is sufficiently explicable. The tide of destructive and rational criticism that has for long run so fiercely, has all but reached the ebb, and far out on the surface of the race-consciousness the new flood has begun to "make." It is, however, to many, a disquieting fact that so many queer fish seem to be coming in with the tide. This new theology, for instance, is but a feat of metaphysical prestidigitation, removing the entire underpinning from orthodox Christianity and yet leaving its unsupported form, like an iridescent bubble, resting on nothing. Or Mr. Harrison's logical and instructive religious autobiography, at the close of which he explains the tenets of humanitarianism, which is a magnificent enthusiasm, but not, at least for most of us, a religion.

These queer fish, however (the waters teem with them), if properly examined, prove to be, not deformed or exotic creatures at all, but normal manifestations of transition—soft-shell faiths that have lately sloughed off the shell of dogma and are scurrying here and there for protection till their new and larger shells be hardened. For the human race is unmistakably crustacean in its method of religious growth. No sooner has it completed the function of secreting a

faith than this begins to harden into an armor of more or less brittle theology, and thenceforth becomes not only a protection, but a confining limitation. And were it not that in due course the imprisoned organism, with many convulsive pains and throes of what it takes at times to be spiritual dissolution, ultimately bursts this integument and once more emerges, unprotected but unconfined, it would have no chance for further expansion.

THE election of Busse in Chicago resulted in the abandonment, temporary or permanent, of a most important experiment in school management and school government. This is the "democratization" plan which had been adopted by the Dunne school board, now ousted from office by Mayor Busse. The new president of the Busse board is quoted as saying that the army had been governing Napoleon, but that now Napoleon will govern the army. The metaphor seems fairly accurate. The government of schools all over the country is and has been autocratic, with absolute power in the hands of the superintendent or the board. The Chicago plan was one for taking the opinions of the teaching force on all matters relating to the curriculum and to the management of the schools as scholastic bodies. The teaching force must have most valuable ideas relating to its own work; but everywhere it is voiceless and inarticulate, because the superintending Napoleons have provided no method for taking its advice. The Dunne board had adopted a plan for "school councils," formulated by the Chicago Normal School faculty, and pronounced by Jane Addams, of Hull House, chairman of the school management committee, as a reform "of fundamental and supreme importance in the public school system." It is to be regretted that in a fight over street-car franchises and school-land graft this reform had to go down with municipal ownership. The way might have been found through it for escape from the military autocracy which controls most of our schools, as implied in the allusion to Napoleon by Busse's board.

JUSTICE Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, comes of a family eminent in all walks of life, and when he speaks for higher ethics among lawyers, he appeals to

a great audience. The lawyer's good deeds we write in water; his tricks and quirks we grave on the steel of popular aphorism and preserve in the literature of such characters as Quirk, Gammon and Snap. When a lawyer suppresses litigation, settles quarrels, and works for the reunion of family relations, he has the approval of his own conscience, but he loses the reputation of being a "fighter"—so valuable in his profession—and when he succeeds he thereby places the affair among those things of which the world can never hear. The physician, on the other hand, who discovers some method of preventing disease, takes only slightly from his own practice by the discovery, and adds greatly to his reputation. Perhaps the balance, if fairly struck, would not be so unfavorable to the lawyers, after all. Yet, Justice Brewer touches a sore spot when he suggests that lawyers do not scrutinize carefully enough the right and wrong of the operations they are called on to conduct. There is never a get-rich-quick scheme, or a bit of fierce finance, or a violation of law by a great corporation without some

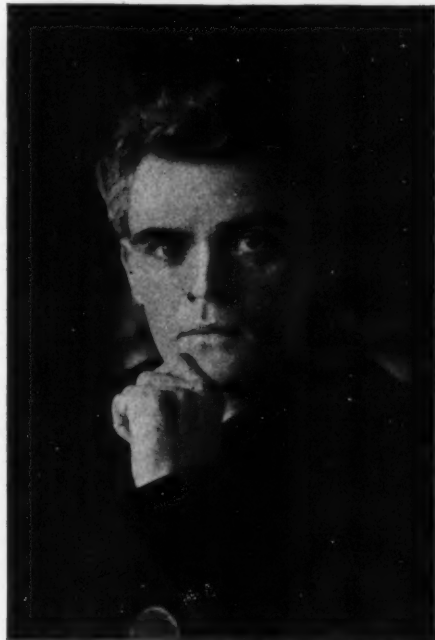


Photo by Elliott & Frey, London

THE REVEREND R. J. CAMPBELL  
Now lecturing in this country



Photo by N. Lazarnick

## JOHN M. GLENN

Thinking how to spend ten million dollars in philanthropic gifts

Mr. John M. Glenn is the executive officer and sole director of the largest gift ever given by one person for the betterment of social and living conditions—the Russell Sage Foundation Fund of \$10,000,000, the income of which is \$410,000 per year. The foundation is the recent gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Offices have been rented in the Johnson Building, 30 Broad Street, and the real work is about to begin. When in full running it is the object of the Foundation to investigate the reasons for social inequalities in the widest sense, bringing up such subjects as vices, gambling and the drink question. Individual gifts are not within the scope of the Foundation; its object being solely to relieve the conditions rather than the cases.

well-paid lawyer back in the rear office who has charted the course of the piratical cruise. It is a maxim of the profession that "the lawyer is not the judge." The most successful lawyer must ever be the strictest partizan of his side of the case. He must believe in his cause. He can not be judicial in the midst of battle. But he ought not to enter deliberately into the devious and crooked paths trod by so many of the profession. "Like master," however, "like man." At bottom the lawyer is a mere servant. The basic evil is in those who employ lawyers. When clients scan their lawyers' morals rather than their abilities, legal gentlemen will be moral first and able afterward. The godly and pious president of a corporation goes to the lawyer who can win rather than to one who will ask questions as to rights and wrongs. So long as great prizes in the profession come to those who violate Justice Brewer's advice, and by reason of the violation of it, we shall have the Hummels and

Ruefs in the law. Justice Brewer's counsel is a counsel of perfection, and therefore a hard saying—as many a young man sitting briefless among his books can bear testimony.

**D**ID you chance to read the story of the hold-up man who wanted an honest job? It's a story with a moral. The hold-up man went into the office of a great establishment, where a member of the firm, a clerk and a young girl stenographer were working. The thief had an assistant, and between them they searched the pockets of the men and secured twenty-three dollars. Then one of the men disappeared and the other, keeping his victims covered with a revolver, remained nonchalantly leaning against the door. The two victimized men kept a cautious silence, but the girl stenographer said casually:

"You seem a pretty decent sort of a fellow to be in the hold-up business. Why don't you get a job and go to work?"

The hold-up man condescended to explain.

"A fellow don't get a square deal in this town," he said. "I have tried to get work and I've failed."

"Don't you want to be a thief, then?" asked the girl.

"No, I don't," said the man. "If I could get work I'd be glad to earn an honest living."

"Do you want a job?" asked the member of the firm.

"I just said I did," returned the thief.

"If that's true I am willing to give you a chance," said the business man. "If you will drop that gun I'll give you a job right now."

The thief did so, and as the weapon fell on the table the business man seized it.

"It's your turn to hold up your hands now," he said. And that was why the hold-up man, who had thought a gentleman would keep his word, went to the police station.

As for the moral, it is, obviously, for hold-up men not to trust the world—not to be so confiding.

The only mitigation of the disgusting story is that the stenographer, moved to some sort of pity or sense of the unfairness of the thing, did refuse to appear against the man. When one thinks how it might have ended—what a touch of magnanimity, of human understanding and compassion might have done—one is inclined to pity the member of the firm who lost his chance.

NOT since May Sinclair's "Divine Fire," has such acclaim been given to a novel as that which has come from both expected and unexpected sources for the venerable De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," and it was with no ordinary anticipation that his second book was awaited. The title of this book promised an intimate and winning piece of work, for it was quaintly called "Alice-for-short." Setting aside a teasing sort of a plot, which has much more to do with ghosts than with living persons, and which, obviously, De Morgan himself considered quite as unimportant as he did the ghosts, the story is delicious. There is an idea among certain cold-blooded purists that "delicious" is a word to apply to edibles. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Very few edibles may really aspire to the designation. It is a story, a situation, a possibility, a song, a hat, an ankle, or a baby, that is really delicious. A delicious thing is something that you have been wanting without knowing that you wanted it, and when it comes it satisfies the expectations that you didn't have.

That's what "Alice-for-short" does. Its construction amounts to but little. Its morals are that if you don't worry too much about yourself you will grow in goodness just as the trees of the wilderness grow in beauty. Its charm is the charm of reality, as reality is known among people who love, and dream, and aspire and fail, and now and then quite incidentally achieve; and its surprise lies in the mystery that such a book could be written with Thackeray in his grave, and Du Maurier cut off before his time, and Charles Dickens dead. (Though concerning this last we always have had our doubts! It seems quite absurd to say that Dickens is dead, when something in the utter core of you keeps saying that if you live long enough, and laugh and weep as you should, you will be sure to meet him some day, if only long enough to tell him two or three things about yourself that you could tell to him and to no other confessor!)

It is not precisely as a novelist, at least not in the technical sense of the word, that Mr. De Morgan will be prized. It is rather as a rambler. Never did a man take his readers on more delightful discursions and excursions! In that chapter on art—fifteenth, isn't it?—there are more quotable

sentences than are to be found in a half dozen ordinary books. The temptation is great, but to begin is to quote the whole five hundred and sixty-three pages, and that would take up space which other contributors might think were better occupied by their own brain-product.

GOVERNOR Hughes' public utilities bill did not meet with the approval of Mayor McClellan. In any such difference the mayor is at a disadvantage. Hughes represents the people. Just who is represented by McClellan may be a problem. Yet the mayor's message of disapproval raises some weighty questions which may well bother the governor—and the president, with his rate laws, valuation laws, railway accounting laws, meat inspection laws and the rest of them. The public utilities bill may be described broadly as the Hepburn act of New York. Mayor McClellan suggests that the setting up of administrative bodies empowered to regulate the income of public-utility corporations capitalized at three and one-half billions, earning more than half a billion dollars annually, employing three hundred thousand men and having a hundred thousand security-holders, is a perilous thing.



Photograph by N. Lazarnick, New York

GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN, MAYOR  
OF NEW YORK



Such agencies are likely, he says, to fall into partizan hands. In such a case, the opportunity for corruption of a self-perpetuating sort would be wider than a church door and deeper than a well. This is worth thinking of. It is a peril that extends over all the nation wherever stringent regulation of public-utility corporations is undertaken. The public ownership advocates say that our choice must be between public ownership of public utilities and private ownership of public officers. Theoretically, there are at least two other alternatives. The one is to allow the corporations to do as they please. He is a hardy man who advocates this. The other is for the people to stay awake and hold their railway commissions and public-utility boards up to their duty. Will the people do this? Recent regulative legislation hangs up the richest prizes ever offered for the corporations when they win elections. Think what it would mean for the railways to control the personnel of the interstate commerce commission and the bureau of commerce and labor! Think what a campaign fund will always be forthcoming for the party whose nominations and management give the most quieting assurances in presidential years! Regulation is a compromise between state and government ownership and what the corporations call free competition. It has become the national policy. But it is fraught with great perils, to some of which Mayor McClellan calls attention.

WHEN Mr. James J. Hill gave forth the prophecy that governmental regulation of railways will destroy the credit of the roads, force a condition which will make it necessary for the government to supply funds for their rehabilitation, thus lead to government ownership, and through that destroy republican government, he said a thing that is simply silly. The railways of the country in their infancy were very largely built by governmental aid, land grants and votes of bonuses and bonds. If public aid did not lead to government ownership in the railways' infancy, there is no reason to say that it would, with any certainty, do so in what Mr. Hill implies is their helpless dotage. Furthermore, Mr. Hill should possess intelligence enough to know that more than forty of the great nations of the world now own and operate their railways, many of these among

the most democratic on earth, as Switzerland and New Zealand. Nowhere has there appeared in these any tendency toward a condition dangerous to democracy, growing out of government railways. The United States will take up the question when it reaches it—which it has not as yet done. We shall not leave the railways in private hands at the cost of unrestrained license on the part of their owners in the imposition of rates. If regulation means ultimate government ownership—which most of us hope it does not—then we shall enter upon the public-ownership policy; not to destroy democratic government, but to preserve it.

TO be an American always has been, and still is, rather more of a condition of mind than an accident of birth, and thus it has happened that many great foreigners, as well as countless inconspicuous ones, have been in ideals and sympathies American, although some other country claimed their birth and their fealty. Among the best and most idealistic of Americans has been the Right Honorable James Bryce, ambassador extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty's dominions. So fine a perception has he had of that glorious vision which the earlier Americans saw that he has been able to hold up before us our own ideals, bright and wonderful as they were in those first days of the commonwealth. But it is not alone ideals of national character which he ventures to offer us. In a recent address before the University of Chicago, and in speaking to the subject, "What University Instruction May Do to Provide Intellectual Pleasures for Later Life," he celebrated in a manner at once simple and eloquent the consolations and illuminations of imaginative literature. He did not appear to think that contemplation of the isosceles triangle, or any other scientific form would very greatly comfort the aged man or woman, left with an enfeebled body, a thousand memories, and the certainty of an approaching demise. But the eternal and moving beauty of the greater classics, of the Elizabethan masterpieces, of the contemplative poets—Wordsworth above all, according to Mr. Bryce—and the songs of young and expectant poets are, in such a case, the things to lift the mind above all ordinary vexations into the realm of the nobler and more uplifting thought. Sus-



Photo by N. Lazarnick, New York

John E. Eustis      Wm. McCarroll      Wm. R. Wilcox, Chairman      E. M. Bassett      M. R. Maltbie

THE MEN WHO ARE TO HEAR COMPLAINTS CONCERNING NEW YORK'S PUBLIC UTILITIES  
THE UTILITIES COMMISSION OF THE FIRST DISTRICT

tained by the ideas these "masters of those who know" can offer, Mr. Bryce thought that age would have joys and revelations which youth itself hardly could excel.

Such words as these—spoken at a time when all the world is mad with enthusiasm over the practical education, when technology is given the right of way in ninety cases out of a hundred, and when every preparation is made for the years of physical efficiency—require a certain sort of moral courage. They serve as a reminder that there are other things beside money to lay up for old age.

THE best reason for making an article well is that excellence in the long run commands the market. This, however, assumes the existence of competition. The concern that has a monopoly of any industry must feel a temptation to turn out an inferior product; the world must use it, willing or unwilling. Free traders have always contended that the existence of a practical monopoly of our markets in the hands of protected manufacturers results in poorer manufactures for the American markets than those of nations that fight for trade in the great free marts of the world where price and quality must win. It has often been charged that abandoned machinery of European mills has been replaced by appliances of an improved pattern and shipped to America, where it has been found good enough to meet the restricted competition of a protected market. Whether these statements are correct or not, competition must make for excellence. There was once a time when the railroad

rails of this country were made in mills that strenuously competed with each other for the railway patronage. Since the organization of the steel trust this has all been changed. While the trust does not make all the rails used in the United States, it makes most of them, and it imposes conditions on the mills called independent. Practically there is no competition in the industry; and quality seems to have dropped off. Terrible railway accidents have followed each other during the past year with such frequency that travel has become a menace in this nation of travelers. There seems every reason to believe that many accidents have resulted from the turning out of inferior rails by the concerns freed from the pressure of competition. For generations our tariff has enabled the steel-makers to rob us. It seems that they now extend their license from robbery to murder.

IN spite of agitation and legislation favoring a "safe and sane" Fourth; in spite of mayors' proclamations and warnings, the usual noisy and gunpowdery national birthday held sway this year, and the statistics of the carnage show that as many lost their lives or limbs in the fray as were killed in some battles of the Spanish or Philippine wars.

In vain do legislators resolve, and in vain do editorial writers deplore this annual sacrifice to the God of Noise; the cracker still cracks, the rockets whiz, the Roman candles splutter and break, while saltpeter, dynamite, lyddite and nitro-glycerin make pandemonium, and "furious Frank and fiery Hun shout in their sulphurous canopy." For at

least twenty-four hours every year this fusillade continues wherever the stars and stripes wave, and then, "silence like a poultice comes to heal the wounds of sound." Not only have we the cannonading with death and destruction every minute, but we have the continuous ringing of fire bells, the clanging of fire gongs on the engines rushing to put out the fires of patriotism; we have overloaded excursion trains rushing head-on at each other on the same tracks; craft of all kinds, from rowboats to lake steamers, "turning turtle"; aeronauts falling out of balloons with parachutes which refuse to work; horses running away with helpless women and children, and various unique catastrophes by way of variety.

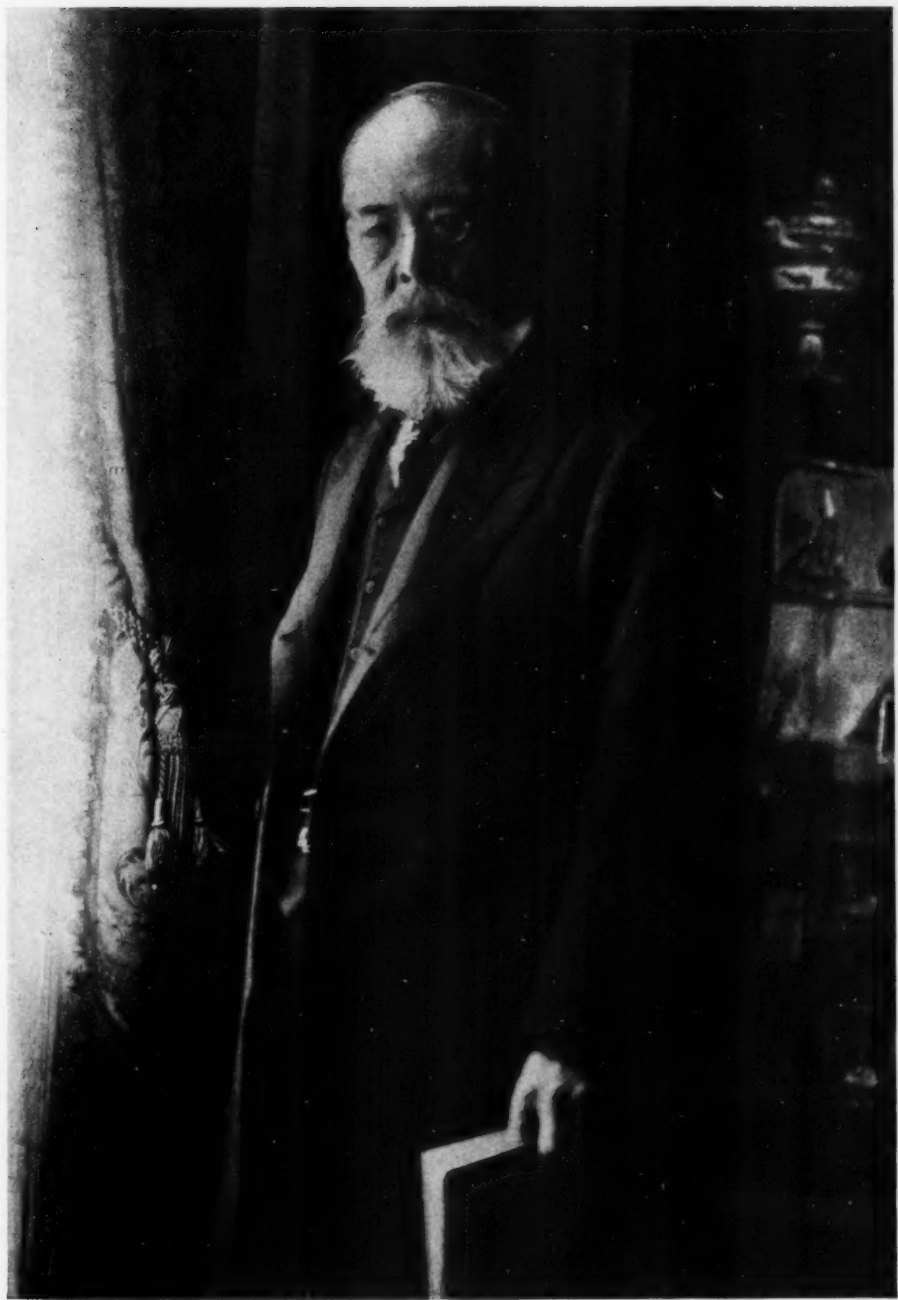
It is a picture worthy of a Cruikshank or, perhaps, a Doré. A nation which boasts that it is the most advanced of all the world, in which the study of economics, and ethics, and philanthropy and sociology are the common pastime of its men and women, whose very children are taught to reverence the results of these investigations, annually and by common consent burns up in gunpowder a respectable interest on the national debt, and wounds several thousands of its citizens! Really, viewed from Mr. Howells' "Al-truria," could anything be more grotesque?

There is, however, not enough sentiment against this wanton waste of life and money to make a perceptible difference from year to year in the extravagant and fatal Fourth. The majority rules, say its advocates, so there is nothing to do but to lay in a stock of arnica and antiphlogistine and hope for the best.

**A**BOUT the last of the old school statesmen vanished when the venerable United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, passed away the other day. Oldest member but one in point of age, and outranked by but one in point of service, he passed a large part of his life representing his state in Congress, and was, perhaps, better known by sight in Washington than in Alabama.

Like most senators from the South, he was a poor man all his days, and the probabilities are that he left but a meager estate; but he left something better than riches—a good name and a record for uprightness in public service unsurpassed by that of any of his colleagues.

**T**HE transfer of the fleet to Pacific waters is a dramatic move in the diplomatic game with Japan. It may be accounted for as a mere disciplinary maneuver, but the story will deceive Japan least of all the world. The question masked behind many false issues of San Francisco schools, Japanese pride and the like is the greatest of world-questions—that of the migration of races. Before settling the question of what is practicable and politic, the twentieth-century mind will be likely to ask what is right. No question of right or wrong confronted the men of shore and sea along the varying line where the ocean of barbarism broke in bloody foam on the rock of the Roman frontier, and wore it away at last. It was the simple problem of bone, sinew and bravery against discipline, victorious traditions and stern intrepidity. But we of America may well look in the face the question as to whether or not we have the moral right to exclude from our country men who desire to come. We built up the tradition that our open door is a necessary manifestation of our faith in the equality of man. We have been violating this tradition in immigration laws, but we have never repudiated the principle itself. What right have we to exclude the Japanese, or the Chinese? To be sure, there are four hundred millions of them—enough to fill this continent from sea to sea with outnumbering hosts, and outvote, outwork and outfight us—and the sea has become a far easier highway than the bleak Sarmatian plain over which the invaders moved on Rome. To be sure, there are other hundred millions, Hindus, who are even now beginning their migratory movement—but the question is, may we rightly keep back the sea? Japan contends for a complete abandonment of the power on our part to restrict immigration. Perhaps we are at the parting of the ways. Let the portentous question once be grasped by the Caucasian race, and the answer is sure to be an assertion of the right—claimed by the white race, conceded to the browns, blacks and yellows—the right of each race to maintain its racial existence, and to regard its territory as a citizen regards his home—as a sacred place into which those only may be admitted who have the capacity of guestship, the personality which makes it possible to live with the host nation on terms of justice and righteousness.



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VISCOUNT AOKI, JAPAN'S LATE AMBASSADOR TO THIS COUNTRY  
He has been studying, on the ground, the race troubles on the Pacific Coast



## AUGUST

By MARION FRANKLIN HAM

Dat sun keep creepin' roun' de shady side—  
Move my chair an' he ain't satisfied ;  
Look like he tryin' fer to scorch my hide,  
Laws-ee, honey !

Don' talk to me bout work—go way !  
I cain't help what de white-folks say ;  
Spec' me ter work on a *Augus'* day ?  
Unh- unh, honey !

Keeps me busy totin' dis chair  
Roun' dis cabin fer to git fresh air ;  
I ain't got no time to spare—  
No *suh*, honey !

Dat sun too hot fer to pester my haid  
'Bout de craps dat de white folks cain't git made ;  
I got to foller dis patch o' shade—  
Sho 'nough, honey !

Unh—*unh* ! boy, you up an' run  
An' tell dem folks out dar in de sun  
I got mo' work dan I kin git done—  
Run 'long, honey !



